THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

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BRILLIANT BRUSSELS.

or McClure, of This City, Sends Some Interesting Correspondence From the Flemish Netherlands.

Antwerp Exposition—Beauties of the Belgian Capital—Visit to the Battlefield of Waterloo.

BRUSSELS, Belgium, Aug. 13, 1894.—ery large proportion of the number ourists who journey to Europe from United States on their annual vaca- n in the transatlantic steamers that l at Queenstown, en route to the Con- ent, pay a visit to Ireland usually on ir return journey. No matter what untry the traveler may have visited, eland always proves a most interest- g land for the lover of beautiful and turesque scenery. From the verdant odland beauty of the county Wicklow the grand desolation of the Donegal ghlands, the rugged grandeur of the ld west of Connemara, the immense ffs and imposing coast scenery of are, the wondrous masterpiece of na- re's handiwork, the Giant's Causeway, e bewitching Blackwater (the Rhine Ireland), or the combined beauties d attractions of Killarney and Glen- riff, Ireland never fails to be a con- nual source of pleasure and interest. hose who make the tour never regret e time and money spent on the land saints.

Having arrived in Liverpool, and here being in progress at Antwerp, Belgium, an International Exhibition, concluded to make a tour of that coun- ry. Antwerp, the old and historic city f Rubens, with its irregular, ill-paved nd narrow streets, walled in till only a mall strip of sky is visible, by sombre ge-gray Flemish houses, its elegant oulevard, ancient cathedral, churches nd great public building, storms, at all imes, a favorite resort for various classes f tourists. In 1560 the population of Antwerp was 130,000, and today it is 240,000. It is one of the most thriving orts of Europe, and is the principal rsenal of Belgium, and one of the very trongest fortresses of Europe. The magnificent docks were built by Napo- leon I, and are capable of holding 2,000 vessels. It is said that Napoleon in- tended that Antwerp should outshine the world as a sea port. The cathedral is one of the great wonders of Belgium. The original edifice was erected in 900, destroyed and rebuilt in 1126; again de- stroyed and rebuilt in 1352. In 1535 a terrible fire reduced to ashes the greater part of the building; the damage was afterwards repaired. The length of this marvellous cathedral is 385 feet from west to east, and 215 from north to south. It contains twelve chapels, and in point of architecture is considered the third most ancient and grandest in the world. Here can be seen Rubens' three world-renowned, magnificent and justly celebrated paintings. The first, "The Descent From the Cross," was painted in 1612, when Rubens was only 35 years of age. The second is "The Ele- vation of the Cross," and the third is "The Assumption." At a height of over 200 feet, in the cupola, is another painting by Rubens, "The Resurrec- tion"; in this painting the Christ is very finely drawn and of magnificent color- ing. Three stained glass windows of the sixteenth century are in the choir, one of them representing "The Conclu- sion of the Commercial Treaty Between Philip I of Castile and Henry VIII of England." The choir of this cathedral is one of the finest in Europe. I attended high mass last Sunday, and the music was heavenly and beyond my descriptive powers. There were seventy-seven boys with sweet and melodious voices.

Antwerp, this year to tourists, is ren- dered additionally attractive by the fact that the International Exhibition is now in progress. Visitors from Chicago and all others possessing an experience of the World's Fair, are not deeply im- pressed with the buildings, the exhibits or the attendance. Of course there can be no comparison, but it must be ad- mitted that the exhibition is highly creditable to Belgium, which, as your readers know, has a population of only 6,000,000. The entrance presents a picturesque scene, the buildings and grounds display excellent taste, are artistically laid out and richly orna- mented. About 200 feet from the main entrance is a very long and extensive building. The front presents a rich artistic appearance, carved and inlaid work, typical of historical and commer- cial events in Belgium. The whole sur- roundings at night, when lighted up with electricity and many other lights, present a scene which can be better imagined than described. The main building contains nearly all the exhibits, but exhibitors complain because they are not selling any goods; the people have no money, and patronize very largely the cafes, where they eat and drink. There has been considerable friction between Antwerp and Brussels, both being contestants for the place to hold the exhibition; the fight was very warm, and the unpleasantness left be- hind a sting which has militated against Antwerp. Brussels, it is claimed, being the capital, and having many more at- tractions, greater population, wealth and power, would have commanded a much larger attendance of people of means, and could have made the exhibi- tion a complete success. The exhibition, although not as brilliant as it might be, is interesting and instructive and will well repay a visit. Having enjoyed one week in Antwerp I packed my valise and took the train for Brussels, the Paris of Belgium.

Brussels has a population of over 480,- 000, and is only one hour's ride from Antwerp. It is a remarkably clean city, a wonderful contrast to Chicago. It is beautifully situated, and from an en- gineering standpoint is one of the best laid-out cities in all Europe. The buildings, in point of architecture, are beautiful and substantial, nearly all white in color, and being of the same height, make up an attractive city. It would occupy too much space to give in detail a full description of this very de- lightful place, and I must therefore con- tent myself with introducing a few of the leading sights of this city. Hotel de Ville—a grand old building erected in 1402, with a frontage of 190 feet and a depth of 170 feet. The tower is a marvel of strength and stands 350 feet high. On the top is a statue of St. Michael, the patron saint of Brussels. He holds in his hand a sword which he wields over the rebel angel whom he treads under his feet. The statue is twenty feet high. This building is vis- ited by every tourist to Brussels. The frontage is adorned with hundreds of carved figures and statues and the rich- est sculpture. It is probably the finest structure in Belgium, and took twelve years to complete. The Palace of Jus- tice, it is said, is the grandest building of the kind in all Europe. It was erected at a cost of over two million pounds sterling. It contains thirty court rooms, from the lowest to the supreme courts. The building is 600 feet long and 560 wide, forming a great square with a veritable tower of Babel. The entire interior is constructed of rich marble, and all the appointments are exquisitely beautiful. From the top of the tower, which can be reached by ascending 600 steps, visitors enjoy a very fine view of Brussels and the surrounding country. Other places of note are the Chamber of Commerce, the church of Notre Dame of Victories, the Palace of Fine Arts, the National Capitol, the Cathedral, the Museum, besides parks, boulevards, palaces and many other attractions. Brussels is indeed a delightful city. It is the gay, airy, careless, pleasant coun- ter-part of its sister city, Paris.

No visitor should leave Brussels with- out visiting the ever-memorable field of Waterloo. Although three-quarters of a century have passed since Wellington and Napoleon crossed swords for the first and last time on that eventful Sun- day in June, there is still sufficient magic in the name to attract ninety-nine of every hundred tourists, who find themselves in Brussels, to Waterloo. The battlefield is only ten miles distant, and may be reached by coach, or more rapidly by rail. Taking my ticket at the Station du Midi, in a short time I found myself at a station, Braine L' Allend, two miles from the battlefield, and after seating myself in a coach, with many other visitors, we started on our short journey. Along the route histor- ical places were pointed out. Mont St. Jean, used as a field hospital, the farms of Hougonmont and La Haye Sainte. At Waterloo, the boot of the Marquis of Anglesey's amputated leg and the sublime monument to the memory of the buried limb are shown. The house in which the Duke of Wellington spent two nights, and the table on which it is said he wrote home news of the victory and many important dispatches, also the house where Victor Hugo wrote his "Miserables," together with other places of interest, were pointed out. In a short time we found ourselves in the very centre of the battlefield and at the foot of the great monument erected by the Dutch in honor of England's triumph, and called the Lion Mound. It is nearly two hundred feet in height, made up from earth from the surrounding fields. The base around measures 1,700 feet, and the top is reached by ascending 200 stone steps, with iron railings on each side. It is said that the work was done by Dutch women, and took seven years to complete. At the top is placed a large massive stone, upon which is placed a bronze lion, weighing nearly thirty tons, cast from captured French cannon taken from the battlefield.

With the panorama of the field seen from the top of the mound quite a clear idea of the position of the armies, and how the battle was waged, may be gath- ered from the surroundings. My first thoughts on looking over the historic battle-ground called to memory my school-book effusion: "How that red rain doth make the harvest grow." The fields looked beautiful, the wheat ripe and the crops rich and ready to be gath- ered in. We were accompanied by a guide and describer of the battle, Sergt.- Maj. Barry, of the British army. He described the positions taken by Wel- lington and Napoleon just previous to the struggle, and stated that Wellington, when first reviewing the fields, remarked that that would be the place where the great battle would be fought. The fields are today almost perfectly level, and no better place could have been selected. Wellington was first on the field with his army and had, therefore, the choice of positions, if this was any advantage. It is also a well-known fact that Napo- leon's artillery occupied a position of prominence, which gave him many ad- vantages. Sergt.-Maj. Barry, in his lecture claimed that the position of the forces had nothing to do with the vic- tory secured. In reply to questions, after the lecture, the Major stated that Wellington won by reason of the numer- ical strength of England's allies, the Prussian corps rendering invaluable services. England, in all, had only 23,000 Englishmen in the field, with the allied forces she was able to enter the grounds with 69,000 men. Barry com- plimented Napoleon as a general of marvellous ability, and his army as the most loyal that ever fought a battle.

During the three days' struggle the French fought valiantly, and won but one battle out of three—that of Ligny. Waterloo, the speaker said, was termed by Napoleon a concurrence of unexam- pled fatalities, a day not to be compre- hended. Wellington said that he had never fought so hard a battle nor won so great a victory. Were the battles won by treason or misfortunes are questions yet to be settled, and at the present time several journals in Belgium are discussing this historical subject. If you had in Chicago an Irish literary as- sociation, such as I had the pleasure of being secretary of for so many years, this subject would present a splendid field for investigation and discussion. New historical facts have lately been brought to light, and if you will permit me, I would suggest that some of your brainy and intelligent readers open up this subject in the columns of THE CIT- IZEN for a friendly discussion on this all important subject.

Many of the journals in Belgium claim that from new evidence Napoleon made many mistakes, and assert that Napoleon was personally answerable for the fruit- less charges of the French cavalry on the British squares, between the hours of 3 and 6 p. m. During that time Napoleon was engaged at a considerable distance attempting to keep off the advance of Bulow. And again it is maintained that the final and fatal error of Napo- leon was his detachment of Grouchy's corps "to pursue the Prussians along the wrong line," and claim that Napoleon might have probably overwhelmed Wel- lington if he had used Grouchy's force as a screen, keeping it parallel with his right and never losing touch of it. Again it is argued here that Welling- ton's victory accomplished more for progress and civilization. Napoleon, they say, was extremely despotic, ambi- tious, irreligious, absolutely devoid of statesmanship, took no interest in the advancement of arts, science nor educa- tion, and had he been the victor all Eu- rope would be at his feet and civiliza- tion would have been retarded. This subject is at all events one of the great- est interest to the people of Europe and America, and is worthy of the attention of writers and historians. I am afraid I have trespassed too much on your col- umns; much that I have written are not the views of the writer. I have simply thrown together the opinions of others and information obtained in my travels on the Continent. I submit them in the hope that they may not prove uninterest- ing to the numerous readers of THE CITIZEN. W. C. MCCLURE.

THE AVERAGE MAN.

His hat looks old and his coat-sleeves worn
As I see him step from his house each morn,
His boots are patched and his tie home-made,
And his trousers patched where the edge was frayed;
And his face is lined by the stress of life
Where a man must fight for children and wife.
"Who's that?" I ask, as his face I scan,
And the answer comes, "Oh! an average man!"

He has not got bills, he has not got gold,
But his homely lunch those papers fold,
And day by day, as the seasons go,
He follows his duty to and fro.
And shadows follow him everywhere—
Grim want and worry and dread are there.
For life is *not* on a gorgeous plan—
Far, far from it—to the average man.

When the blood is up 'tis a simple thing
To charge where the bombs and the bul- lets sing!
But he is worthier of a higher place
Who fronts his foes with a smiling face.
For the noblest strife in our life today
Is the humdrum fight in the humdrum way.
O Wealth and Genius may lead the van!
But the hero is often—an average man!

NESTOR.

Heart Disease and Longevity.

Let those who are haunted with sus- picions of heart disease, and even those who have good reason to know that they are suffering, take courage from a story told by the late Sir Andrew Clark in the course of a clinical lecture at the London Hospital. After reminding the young students of the necessity for caution in the "prognosis," or forecast, of the progress of this disease, Sir Andrew went on to relate an anecdote of a house governor of that very hospital—a clergy- man who was about to be married: His intended father-in-law came to him and said: "You see, you have no money, sir; you must go and get your life insured." At the end of the medical examination the physicians said to him, "We cannot accept you." "Why?" said the aston- ished governor. "Oh, we would rather not say." "But," he said, "I have never been ill in my life" (and, indeed he was a sturdy fellow). "Well," said the physi- cians, "if you will have it, you have got heart disease." "Heart disease? How long shall I live? Shall I live six months?" "Oh," replied the medical men, "you may do that." He went home, and the match was broken off. He wrote to the committee saying that, as he had a mortal disease of the heart and could not live six months, he with- drew his application for rooms wherein to dwell with his wife. On the receipt of this letter the committee deliberated and said, "We must superannuate him, poor fellow; and as he has but six months to live we will let him have his full pay." Accordingly he was superannuated upon his full pay, and upon this superannuity (said Sir Andrew) he lived for more than fifty years.—*London Daily News.*

FAMOUS IRISH AUTHORS.

Some of the Eminent Irish Writers of the Present Day.

Miss Margaret E. O'Brien—A Gifted Young Irish-American Poetess—Daughter of an Alabama Editor.

PART IV.

In commencing this series of reviews of our Irish writers who are struggling to place Irish literature among the classics of the world, it was not my in- tention to write of any but the literati on the other side of the Atlantic. In view of a recent important occurence I may be pardoned for digressing once from my rule; the more so that the sub- ject of my sketch is one of the few on this side of the ocean who became inter- ested, in an active manner, with the Irish literary movements in London.

Less than two years ago, when making a trip through the Southern States, I stopped at Birmingham, Ala., and in the course of my stay, called at the house of Mr. Frank P. O'Brien, the editor and proprietor of the Birmingham *Age-Herald*, one of the leading dailies of the South. As we sat talking on various subjects, a young lady of medium height and slender figure, entered the room. Her face was of that dark Milesian type, extremely prepossessing and expressive, and one well calculated to attract more than usual attention. Mr. O'Brien at once arose and introduced me to his daughter, Miss Margaret E. O'Brien; he called her Maggie. A brighter or more vivacious conversationalist I never had the pleasure of listening to; thoroughly conversant with all current topics; a perfect encyclopedia of poetry and an excellent musician. It was an afternoon that will never be forgotten and one I have often regretted that it was not in my power to repeat. There was none of that superficial education which so many young girls acquire; her education had a solid foundation, it was analytic; yet, there was nothing of the bluestocking in her manner. The discourse of the [illegible] yet elegant and always well chosen. I could see that Mr. O'Brien was proud of his gifted daughter and well he might be.

Last week I received a copy of the *Age-Herald* with a marked paragraph announcing that Miss Margaret E. O'Brien had on Wednesday, Aug. 15, taken the white veil at the famous con- vent of the Loretto in Kentucky, receiv- ing Sister Margaret Marie as her name in religion. The news was quite a sur- prise, as she did not seem the type of girl to enter the seclusion of a convent. With her many accomplishments, her beauty which was enhanced by all the grace of the Southern woman, and her sweet disposition, she was ever sur- rounded by a host of admiring friends, and she had reached a point where her literary efforts were welcomed and ap- plauded by scholars and literati.

Margaret E. O'Brien was born in Montgomery, Alabama, on the 19th of November, 1870. Her literary talents might with justice be termed an inherit- ance; Mr. Frank P. O'Brien, her father, is one of the ablest and best known journalists in the South; and her pater- nal ancestor, Michael A. O'Brien, was a distinguished Irish journalist and at one time editor of the Dublin *Nation*. Miss O'Brien was educated at the Loretto Convent, the same place where she has now begun her novitiate, and gradu- ated with the highest honors from that famous school in 1888. Once out in the world, her literary life immediately be- gan. The bulk of her work was devoted to her father's paper, the *Age-Herald*, to which she contributed editorials on all the events of the day, musical and dra- matic criticisms and book reviews. In the latter she was an impartial and un- sparing critic. A famous name could not shield mediocrity and she often dis- covered talent and merit in the works of obscure and unknown writers.

Many of Miss O'Brien's poems found their way into the columns of the New York *Journal*, the *American*, the New York *Review* and other periodicals. All of her poems are imbued with a deep religious spirit, and a lofty spiritual tone. She began to write quite early. Some years ago while she was still in the Convent of Loretto, and barely 14 years of age, she wrote the following exquisite verses and read them at the commence- ment exercises. They were sent to the Louisville *Courier-Journal* by a reporter of that paper who was present and be- ing impressed with their beauty was astonished to find they were written by the young girl who read them. The paper published the poem next day in a prominent place. This is the first poem of our gifted Irish-American poetess, "Hidden Things":

There's a land near the brink of the river of pain—
The land of the "might have been,"
And unto its gates come the beggar and king,
Spotless women and sinful thing.
Hearts that bleed and lips that sing;
As they stand the joy-stars wane.

There's a rough bridge spanning the chasm of doubt—
The bridge of the "past and gone."
And over the stones pass once in a while,
Feet that know many a weary mile,
Hearts that are pure and hearts that are vile,
And the guide lamp of hope burns out.

There's a leaf turned down in the book of years—
The page of regretted things.
And over its lines the sobbing sigh,
Glance eyes that are wet and eyes that are dry,
And jealous hands hide it, they know not why,
For 'tis blotted and blistered with tears.

There's a blackened urn on a broken shaft—
Holding ashes of shattered gods,
And hearts that are bitter and hearts that forget,
And memories dead—dreams living yet,
And stray gleams from suns forever set,
Come and weep where of old they laughed

There's a court that is held in the temple of love—
The court of the hidden pain:
And we that are meek and we that are proud,
Drop our voices and whisper, lest speaking aloud
Our tones should draw hither a curi- ous crowd,
Judge us, Thou, who art Ruler above.

Miss O'Brien rarely fell into one fault often committed by our young poetesses: that of making their poems very long—"sweetness long drawn out." In fact, she even went to the other extreme and wrote a number of charming little bits which one would wish she had drawn out a little longer. One of the latter, "Infelicity," although not written on a very cheerful subject, will be of interest. Here it is:

And so we find it all thro' life,
In joy or sorrow, peace or strife,
It seems decreed by Fate,
That if love leaves a heart once won
Before there sinks another sun
That heart's the home of hate.

The writings are not all in this latter tone, however, for her own life has known nothing of infelicity and care. She is more like herself in "'Neath the Glory Vines," and "My Heart and I," for they are full of that vivacity and happy vein which are such prominent component parts of her own character. Her reflective poems are rather of a re- ligious turn and betray the steady bent of her mind in that direction. One of her best productions of this class is "Perhaps." It has a something in it that reminds one of Father Ryan's style:

Perhaps, beyond that blue mount far
trod;
Where sunbeams play at "hide and seek" all day,
And feathered songsters carol praise to God.
Where silvery brooks o'er pebbly beds soft glide,
And croon a slumber song to sweet wild flow'rs,
Which nod and now float sleeping on the tide,
Now wake to shed their fragrance thro' long hours.

Perhaps, beyond the ken of man, there waits
A vale of rest, where strife to peace gives way;
Where soul meets soul, and joy each heart elates,
And night ne'er comes to shade eternal day.
"Perhaps," said I! a voice within me cries,
"Thou Didymus!"—my wayward doubting chides,
I almost see the veil that hidden lies,
And thus, my heart content, believes and bides.

Miss O'Brien published but one long prose work. It was a novel, entitled "Judith," and was written before she was eighteen years of age. Her genius must have been marvellously precocious, for the work has a mature stamp about it that is rarely acquired without long years of literary apprenticeship. In the work she not only shows a thorough knowledge of biblical history but seems to be conversant with the people of the Holy Land, with their customs and habits and with the general topography of the country. Life in Rome is vividly pictured in the work and the entire novel is remarkable for its strength and finish; not the less so when one remem- bers that it is the production of a young girl, without aid from any source.

In Miss Margaret E. O'Brien a sweet songster is lost to the sunny Southland, and to the world of literature. She has chosen wisely, however; for her lyre which heretofore has but won the ap- plause of men, is now attuned to the praise of God, and she lays her gifts, her talents and her mind developed to a remarkable degree, at the altar of Him who was their Creator and their Giver.

M. J. MURPHY.

DIAMOMDS AND DIAMOND-CUTTING.

The ruby mirrors the flame of fire, the sapphire reflects the blue of the heavens, the emerald pictures the depth of the sea, but the diamond is a dew-drop laden with sunbeams, the most poetic creation of an organic nature. Every moment it flashes a new color—now blue, now red, now royal purple, now golden yellow. In the rough—that is, just as the stone has been washed out of the clay, and broken loose from the ore—a diamond presents the appearance of a crystal pebble, somewhat pointed at each end. It usually appears to be of a brownish hue, but now and again a ray of light will seem to leap from the very heart of the stone. From the rough form of the gem the diamond-cutter decides what the shape of the finished jewel is to be. The crystalline shape of the diamond is that of an octahedron, although the stone is found sometimes as a rhombic dodecahedron, triakisoctahedron, or hexakisoctahedron, but it is always in accordance with the cubic system. It should be the aim of the diamond cutter to preserve this octahedral character of the gem. To accomplish this, the rough stone is first split, or chipped. The operation is a most difficult one, requir- ing an insight into the character of each individual stone. There are hardly two gems that can be treated in precisely the same manner. Every diamond has a thorough individuality, and must be treated accordingly, in order to obtain the best results. The "splitting" is ac- complished by fixing the gem in a block of cement, after which the angles must be split off, in accordance with the direc- tion of the crystalization. Flaws are also taken out in this operation, and the diamond given its future shape. The majority of diamonds are found in the East Indies, on the plateau of Dekhan, in Brazil, on the islands of Borneo and Sumatra; also in the Ural, and Aus- tralia. Within recent years very pro- ductive diamond mines have been put into operation in southeastern Africa, the Transvaal. The diamonds most highly prized are the Indian and Brazil- ian stones; they are generally of the purest white, the most complete trans- parency "water," and the most brilliant "fire."—*H. Cutting Houvee, in Home and Country for August.*

PERSECUTED POPES.

The vicissitudes of the Popes have been many. Ambition and other moving forces of royal rule have employed both military force and popular will to dimin- ish and destroy the perpetual Pontificate of St. Peter. Cardinal Manning has given a succinctly graphic, though in- complete sketch of the vicissitudes of the Popes, in his book called "The Last Glories of the Holy See."

Pope Liberius was banished by an heretical emperor.
Silverius died in exile.
Virgilius was imprisoned and exiled.
St. Martin died in exile, a martyr.
St. Leo III was driven out of Spo- leto.
Leo V was dethroned and cast into prison.
John VII had to fly from Rome.
Benedict V was carried off into Ger- many.
John XIII fled from a Roman faction and took refuge in Capua.
Benedict VI was imprisoned and mur- dered by a Roman faction.
John XIV was cast into the prison of St. Angelo and died of hunger.
Gregory V was compelled to fly from Rome by a civil tumult.
[illegible] was driven from Rome.
Benedict IX [illegible] Rome.
Leo IX was dethroned by the Ger- mans.
St. Gregory VII went from land to land, and from kingdom to kingdom, and died in exile.
Victor III could not so much as take possession of his see, and died at Bene- ventum.
Urban II was restored by the French Crusaders.
Pascal II was carried off by Henry V and imprisoned. Gelasius II was com- pelled to fly to Gaeta, which city enjoys the glorious prerogative of having re- peatedly been the refuge of the Vicar of Jesus Christ.
Honorius II was compelled to fly into France by an anti-pope who usurped his see.
Eugenius III was driven out of Rome by Arnold of Brescia.
Alexander III on the very day of his consecration was cast into prison. He was consecrated, not in the Holy City, but in a village church. He was obliged to fly into the mountains for safety. He passed seven years wandering from Ter- racina to Anagni, from Anagni to Tus- culum.
Urban III and Gregory VIII could not even take possession of Rome.
Lucius III fled to Verona.
Gregory IX was compelled by an in- surrection at Rome to retire to Perugia.
Innocent IV fled to Genoa.
Alexander IV fled to Viterbo.
Martin IV never entered Rome.
Boniface VIII was a prisoner at Anagni.
Urban VI fled to Genoa.
Innocent VII fled from the factions of Rome to Viterbo.
Gregory XI fled to Gaeta.
John XXIII fled from Rome.
Eugenius IV was besieged in his own palace by an anti-pope and was obliged to fly to Florence.—*Ex.*

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TARIFF BILL A LAW.

The President Withholds His Sign Manual.

HIS REASONS GIVEN TO THE PUBLIC

In a Letter Addressed to Representative Catchings — A Veto Would Imply a Separation from His Party That He Cannot Permit and to Sign It Would Endorse Provisions Not in Line with Honest Tariff Reform, in His View.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 28.—The senate tariff bill is law. It is law without the president's signature, however, having gone into effect at midnight last night, because the executive had made no public sign during the ten days which he is given to make up his mind as to signing bills. A message to congress stating that he has concluded not to sign a bill is not necessary from the executive unless he has concluded to veto one. But Cleveland has gone on record as to the reasons for his non-action in a letter to Representative Catchings, which is given below. Catchings consenting to its publication in view of its public character and importance. It is dated "Executive Mansion, Washington, Aug. 27, 1894:"

The President Is Disappointed.

"MY DEAR SIR—Since the conversation I had with you and Mr. Clark, of Alabama, a few days ago in regard to my action upon the tariff bill now before me I have given the subject further and most serious consideration. The result is I am more settled than ever in the determination to allow the bill to become a law without my signature. When the formulation of legislation which it was hoped would embody Democratic ideas of tariff reform was lately entered upon by congress nothing was further from my anticipation than a result which I could not promptly and enthusiastically endorse. It is, therefore, with a feeling of the utmost disappointment that I submit to a denial of this privilege.

Some Things He Cannot Endorse.

"I did not claim to be better than the masses of my party, nor do I wish to avoid any responsibility which, on account of the passage of this law, I ought to bear as a member of the Democratic organization; neither will I permit myself to be separated from my party to such an extent as might be implied by my veto of tariff legislation which, though disappointing, is still chargeable to Democratic effort. But there are provisions in this bill which are not in line with honest tariff reform, and it contains inconsistencies and crudities which ought not to appear in tariff laws or laws of any kind. Besides there were, as you and I well know, incidents accompanying the passage of the bill through congress which made every sincere reformer unhappy, while influences surrounded it in its latter stages and interfered with its final construction which ought not to be recognized or tolerated in Democratic tariff reform councils.

Better Than the McKinley Bill.

"And yet, notwithstanding all its vicissitudes and all the bad treatment it received at the hands of pretended friends, it presents a vast improvement of existing conditions. It will certainly lighten many tariff burdens that now rest heavily upon the people. . . . I take my place with the rank and file of the Democratic party who believe in tariff reform and who know what it is, who refuse to accept the results embodied in this bill as the close of the war, who are not blinded to the fact that the livery of Democratic tariff reform has been stolen and worn in the service of Republican protection, and who have marked the places where the deadly blight of treason has blasted the councils of the brave in their hour of might.

Charged to the Trusts.

"The trusts and combinations—the communism of pelf—whose machinations have prevented us from reaching the success we deserve should not be forgotten or forgiven. We shall recover from our astonishment at their exhibition of power, and if then the question is forced upon us whether they shall submit to the free legislative will of the people's representatives, or shall dictate the laws which the people must obey, we will accept and settle that issue as one involving the integrity and safety of American institutions."

ONE POINT OF CERTAINTY

The President Says Is That Free Raw Materials Is Fundamental.

After declaring his love for the Democracy and pride in its sturdy and persistent enforcement of its principles, which he hopes will be shown in the passage of the free list bills passed by the house, he goes on: "I can't be mistaken as to the necessity of free raw materials as the foundation of logical and sensible tariff reform. The extent to which this is recognized in the legislation already secured is one of its encouraging and redeeming features; but it is vexatious to recall that while free coal and iron ore have been denied a letter of the secretary of the treasury discloses the fact that both might have been made free by the annual surrender of only about $700,000 of unnecessary revenue.

"I am sure that there is a common habit of underestimating the importance of free raw materials in tariff legislation and of regarding them as only related to concessions to be made to our manufacturers. The truth is, their influence is so far reaching that if disregarded a complete and beneficent scheme of tariff reform cannot be successfully inaugurated. When we give to our manufacturers free raw materials we unshackle American enterprise and ingenuity, and these will open the doors of foreign markets to the reception of our wares and give opportunity for the continuous and remunerative employment of American labor.

"With materials cheapened by their freedom from tariff charges the cost of their product must be correspondingly cheapened. Thereupon justness and fairness to the consumer would demand that the manufacturers be obliged to submit to such a readjustment and modification of the tariff on their finished goods as would secure to the people the benefit of the reduced cost of their manufacture and shield the consumer against the exactions of inordinate profits.

* * * * * * *

"The millions of our countrymen who have fought bravely and well for tariff reform should be exhorted to continue the struggle, boldly challenging to open warfare and constantly guarding against treachery and half-heartedness in their camp. Tariff reform will not be settled until it is fairly and honestly settled in the interest and to the benefit of a patient and long-suffering people. Yours very truly, GROVER CLEVELAND."

END OF A LONG STRUGGLE.

Which from Beginning to End Has Occupied Nearly a Year.

And so, as stated above, the tariff bill which the president would have been glad to be able to sign has gone into effect without his signature. The placing of the bill upon the statute books ended one of the longest and most remarkable struggles in the parliamentary history of the government. It was practically a year ago that the compilation of the new tariff was commenced. The extraordinary session of congress was called Aug. 7, 1893, for the purpose of repealing the Sherman silver purchasing law.

Two weeks later the ways and means committee of the house, with Wilson of West Virginia as chairman, was appointed and almost immediately the work of framing the Democratic tariff reform measure began. Months were spent in the preparation, and it was not reported until after the holidays during the regular session beginning in December. For three weeks it was debated in the house, passing that body Feb. 1 by a vote of 204 to 140. Seventeen house Democrats voted against it. The bill went to the senate, and after being considered until March 20 was reported, greatly changed from the house bill.

The debate, which began in the senate April 2, lasted until July 3, when the bill passed by a vote of 39 to 34. The crisis occurred when the bill reached conference. On Aug. 18 the house yielded and accepted the senate bill in toto. Two days afterward, Wednesday, Aug. 15, it went to the president, and last night, at the expiration of the constitutional ten days (Sundays not counted), it became a law without Cleveland's approval.

MISSISSIPPI IS NOT PRIVILEGED.

She Cannot Issue Securities That Look Like Uncle Sam's Money.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 28.—The attorney general has sustained Chief Hazen, of the secret service, on every point in his position against the issue by the state of Mississippi of special warrants in the similitude of United States notes. Upon the showing made by Chief Hazen and upon the recommendation of Secretary Carlisle the attorney general has instructed the United States attorneys at St. Louis, Chicago and Jackson, Miss., to begin proceedings against the St. Louis Bank Note company, the Western Bank Note company, of Chicago, and the persons of the state of Mississippi who were responsible for the issue of the warrants, and all parties who have passed them.

The law makes it a felony to print anything in the likeness of obligations of the United States and fixes the punishment at a fine of not more than $5,000 and imprisonment at hard labor not more than fifteen years. It is assumed under the instructions of the attorney general that actions will begin against Governor Stone, the auditor of state and other state officers at once.

Billy Shriver's Great Catch.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 28.—Billy Shriver, the "star" catcher of the Chicago base ball club, caught a ball thrown from the top of the Washington monument, thus performing a feat which has never before been accomplished. Anson has always insisted that it could be done, while others held that the velocity of the ball would be so great that it would break the catcher's hand. Shriver weakened when the ball came down the first time, but nothing that it rebounded about as it would from a good thump with the stick he tackled it the second time and held it easily.

A Law Difficult to Enforce.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 28.—There seems to be serious doubts entertained as to whether or not treasury officials will be able to carry into effect the section of the new tariff bill making alcohol used in the arts free of internal revenue tax. One reason is in the fact that there are approximately 200,000 druggists in the United States who use alcohol to some extent in the manufacture of compounds of various kinds, and this number, it is believed, would be increased from 50 to 100 per cent under a liberal application of this provision of the act. This would take a lot of looking after.

Great Time on the Rail.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 28.—The Atlantic Coast line and Plant system Knights of Pythias' special train, which left Jacksonville, Fla., has arrived here, having made the run in fifteen hours and forty-nine minutes. After deducting the stops there remains the remarkable record of 780 miles in 820 minutes, an average speed for the entire distance of fifty-five and one-half miles per hour.

President Preparing to Leave.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 28.—The president and Private Secretary Thurber are arranging to leave Washington for Buzzards Bay at the earliest possible moment. This may be tomorrow night or Thursday, the exact time depending upon the celerity with which the president can dispose of the fag ends of legislation and certain other matters of business.

Whisky Tax Goes Into Effect.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 28.—Internal Revenue Commissioner Miller has sent the following telegram to all collectors of internal revenue, dated Aug. 27: "After today collect tax on spirits at $1.10 per gallon and proportionate rate on all fractions of one-tenth or more. Notify stamp deputies."

Cash Balance in the Treasury.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 28.—The cash balance in the treasury yesterday (the last previous to the one on which the new tariff act becomes operative) was $126,498,130, of which $54,969,305 was gold reserve.

Dramatic Scene in a Prussian Court.

ESSEN, Aug. 28.—A most dramatic scene was witnessed in the local court and for some time the most intense excitement prevailed. A miner named Lods had been tried and convicted of insulting an imperial official at a recent meeting of socialists. The court sentenced the prisoner to a fortnight's imprisonment. The moment sentence was pronounced Lods drew a revolver and fired two shots at the judges, who fled from the bench in alarm, but unhurt. The desperate man then aimed the pistol at his own head and fired without effect. Some of the court officials by this time had regained their presence of mind and Lods was disarmed.

Three Petards Exploded.

MONTALBAN, France, Aug. 28.—Three petards were exploded here. One of them was exploded in front of the Military club. It shattered many windows in the vicinity of that building.

MURDERED BY BANDITS.

RAILWAY DETECTIVE KILLED AND A POLICEMAN WOUNDED.

A Detective Was on Board and After Murdering Him the Desperadoes Rob the Conductor and Escape—They Later Meet a Policeman and Shoot Him.

CHICAGO, Aug. 27.—When the northbound freight on the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul road stopped at Deerfield, near this city, two masked men mounted the steps of the caboose. The train stops at this station, which is just over the Cook county line in Lake county, for water. The brakemen were well toward the engine, which was in charge of Engineer Pritchard, and only the conductor, Sargent, and the road detective, Owens, were in the caboose. The masked men entered the door and covered the conductor and detective with their revolvers. The detective sprung for his rifle, but before he could reach it one of the robbers shot him through the breast, killing him. The conductor threw up his hands and the robbers who had done the shooting went through his pockets, taking his watch and a small amount of money.

Shot a Policeman, Also.

Afterward they searched the detective's clothes for valuables and left the train just before the brakeman, who had heard the shot, came running back. After the shooting of the detective on the freight train the robbers first ran across the town of Mayfair. The news of the crime had preceded them, however, and the officer at the Mayfair depot tried to arrest the robbers. He was fired at by them, receiving one bullet in the right side and another in the left arm. The robbers then attacked a farmer who was passing in a wagon, threw him from the vehicle and fled up Milwaukee avenue in a northwesterly direction pursued by two boys on horseback.

Chased into the Woods.

When intelligence of the robbery reached the city every police station in the city was notified and a patrol wagon load of officers was started from the Irving Park station, the nearest city post to Deerfield. These officers, it seems, soon got on the track of the robbers and chased them to Higgins' woods. Here it was deemed best to send for reinforcements and the message indicated was telephoned to headquarters. Captain Duffy at once summoned a squad of detectives, and arming them with Winchester rifles, started them off on a special train from the Union depot.

Captured the Robbers.

At 11:30 o'clock the two train robbers were captured in Elk Grove township, near the border of Maine township. Their names are Will Lake and P. F. Gordon. One was shot in the back and the other in the neck. Neither is badly injured. The desperados were captured by Officers Mullaney, Finnegan, Moiseley, Lawson and Hayes of the Thirty-sixth precinct station. Over one hundred shots were exchanged before the men were captured. The crowd which had gathered wanted to lynch the men but the police held the mob back with drawn revolvers. The prisoners were taken at once to the West Chicago avenue station.

THIRTY-SEVEN KILLED.

Frightful Results of an Explosion in a Washington Mine.

TACOMA, Aug. 27.—Thirty-seven miners, of mixed nationalities were killed by an explosion in the Oregon Improvement company's coal mine at Franklin, King county, thirty-four miles southeast of Seattle. The miners were trying to save the mine from destruction by fire when the explosion occurred. Those who rushed to the gangway when the fire was discovered escaped. Several of those caught were not instantly killed and a desperate attempt was at once made by their comrades to rescue them from the flames. The entire mining community of Franklin aided to flood slope 63, in which the bodies of the miners lay.

Franklin is a coal mining town on the west slope of the Cascade mountains, and the usual heartrending scenes were enacted about the entrance of the mines when a list of the killed and missing miners was made out. This is the mining district into which colored eastern miners were brought two years ago, resulting in a running fight with the strikers and several deaths. Negro and Swede miners predominate among those killed. Most of them have families.

Following is a list of the dead: Joe L. Bossin, single; Joe Cassell, single; Ike Clemens, married; Joe Dawson, single; Chris Dunker, single; Paul De Mari, married; Andy Engdahl, single; Louis Farr, single; John Frantalli, single; James Gibson, single; Andy Grer, single; John Irving, single; Peter Hay, married; Pete Harri, single; Evan Hughes, married; John Hall, single; D. D. Jones, married; A. J. Jones, married; W. P. Jones, single; John Jones, married; Evan Jones, single; Ed Jonson, single; R. W. Jones, single; Robert McCoskey, single; Ed Maxwell, single; John Morris, married; Jacob Olsen, single; John Pugh, married; H. R. Roberts, single; Charley Strasna, single; John Strandrige, single; Rocco Tetti, single; Frank Willis, married.

Struck His Superior Officer.

CHICAGO, Aug. 28.—A court-martial consisting of twelve officers will try First Lieutenant R. C. Welsh of Company E, Fifteenth regiment, for assaulting Colonel R. E. A. Crofton, commanding the Fifteenth United States infantry. The assault occurred at army headquarters, near Evanston, when Colonel Crofton was engaged in guard mount. The attack is said to have been entirely unprovoked, but it is asserted by some of the soldiers that Welsh's mind is affected at times on account of a recent sunstroke, and that he really was not responsible.

Three Killed in a Wreck.

FORT ATKINSON, Wis., Aug. 28.—Three men were killed in a wreck on the Chicago and Northwestern road near here. The men killed were in one end of a box car, partly filled with hardwood lumber, and they were buried under the debris. The names of the killed are: Thomas Ingalls, 40 years, lived at 427 West Madison street, Chicago; Charles Klein, aged 30, whose wife lives somewhere in Chicago; Stephen Ontke, 40 years, Austin, Tex.

Mayor Callahan Found Guilty.

NEW ORLEANS, Aug. 22.—The jury in the case of Mayor Callahan brought in a verdict of guilty.

The crime for which John T. Callahan was convicted was demanding and receiving bribes while a member of the city council.

BUDD GETS THE NOMINATION.

Named by California Democrats for the Governorship.

SAN FRANCISO, Aug. 27.—When darkness closed on the fourth day of the Democratic state convention a platform had been adopted, a state committee appointed, and a candidate for governor nominated, but nothing more. The entire morning and afternoon was consumed in the selection of a state central committee and the naming of a candidate for governor. For governor four candidates were placed in nomination. They were Barney Murphy of San Jose, ex-state senator; Congressman James H. Budd of Stockton, Congressman James G. Maguire, and Dennis Spencer of Napa, who har long been prominent in state politics. Budd was nominated on the third ballot.

The convention reassembled at 8 o'clock. William F. Jeter of Santo Cruz was nominated for lieutenant governor on the first ballot. Ben Maddox of Tulare was nominated for secretary of state.

Paid He Deserved His Fate.

NEW WESTMINSTER, B. C., Aug. 27.—Hugh Lynn, the Savary island murderer, was successfully executed here in the jail yard. Lynn was cool and died without a struggle. Before the execution the condemned man said that he deserved his fate, Lynn murdered an old cripple named Green, a rancher and storekeeper, about sixty miles north of here, and his hired man named Taylor.

Parliament Prorogued.

LONDON, Aug. 27.—Parliament has been prorogued. The queen's speech was read from the throne in the house of lords by the lord high chancellor, Lord Herschell.

KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS.

The Flag Placed at Half-Mast Over Camp George Washington.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 27.—The flag over Camp George Washington of the Knights of Pythias was lowered to half-mast on account of the announcement of the death of Congressman George B. Shaw of Eau Claire, Wis., who was past supreme chancellor of the Knights of Pythias, the predecessor in office of Chancellor W. W. Blackwell. Resolutions were drafted at once by the supreme lodge to be sent to his family.

Three hundred extra tents from the war department were raised, making the number in the camp 2,000, but there were complaints of overcrowding and the Washington divisions which had tented with the visitors marched out of camp and gave their quarters to the Michigan men. Estimates of the number in camp are about 10,000, as each tent accommodates five men. There are also many unattached Knights in town. Many divisions arrived during the day, and there was a jolly time in camp notwithstanding the damp, uncomfortable weather.

Crack companies drilled on the monument grounds before hundreds of spectators, and others paid formal visits to their members of congress, notably the Cleveland brigade, which was received in a body by Representative Johnson of Ohio. A pleasant feature of the encampment is the presence of many Pythian sisters, so called, who will endeavor to secure recognition as a body from the order.

SUSTAINED THE CHARGES.

Preliminary Report of the Committee Investigating Armor Plate Frauds.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 24.—Representative Amos J. Cummings, chairman of the house committee on naval affairs, presented to the house the preliminary report upon the investigation of the armor plate and billets furnished to the government by the Carnegie Steel company. The investigation has been in progress for weeks and during its course testimony has been given by the principal officials of the Carnegie company, by workmen and by government officials. The report is a remarkably complete and good review of the case. The committee finds that charges of fraud have been sustained, scores the company and recommends that fifty-nine suspected plates in use should be tested as the only method of proving their fitness or unfitness. It only finds that the government inspection was negligent, but no charge of dishonesty rests upon the inspectors.

Suicide of the Champion Runner.

NEW YORK, Aug. 25.—Willie D. Day, the champion 5½ mile runner of the world, committed suicide by hanging himself from a tree near the club house of the New Jersey Athletic club at Bergen Point. Day was arrested on Tuesday upon a complaint made by the Manhattan Laundry company of Jersey City, for whom he had acted as a collector, which alleged that he had collected $112, for which he had failed to account. It is thought that he brooded over the accusation in secret and becoming discouraged, decided to end his life.

Mysterious Safe Robbery.

MILWAUKEE, Aug. 22.—A mysterious theft occurred at the office of the Milwaukee Street railway company when $2,100 was taken from the safe in the treasurer's office. The safe was not blown and it bears no marks of having been tampered with in any way. The strangest part of the robbery is that the thief left about $3,000 in silver in the safe untouched. He took $1,800 in bills and $300 in coins.

Three Young Ladies Drowned.

BATON ROUGE, La., Aug. 25.—News has reached this city of the drowning of three young ladies, Miss Mary Lee Reed, Miss Belle Chambers and Miss Elimore Garland, while bathing in Amite river. One of their number got beyond her depth. She screamed and the other two went to her assistance and all three of them were drowned.

Smallpox in Newark, N. J.

NEWARK, N. J., Aug. 22.—Smallpox is rapidly spreading here. Eighteen cases were reported and the pest house is so overcrowded it was necessary to erect tents for the accommodation of the patients. That fact is said to be the cause of an outbreak in the vicinity of the pest house.

Suicide of a Railway Physician.

OTTUMWA, Ia., Aug. 28.—Dr. J. W. Campbell, resident medical examiner of the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Voluntary Relief association, suicided by cutting his throat with a razor. It was done on account of illness.

High Priest Royal Arch Masons.

TOPEKA, Kas., Aug. 24.—George L. McCahan of Baltimore, Md., was elected grand general high priest of the Royal Arch Masons. Other officers were also chosen.

ILLINOIS NEWS NOTES.

TELEGRAPHIC REPORTS OF EVENTS IN THE STATE.

Subjects Handled Which Will Be of Interest to Our Own Readers—Items Gathered from All Over the Prairie State and Given in Brief Form.

PRINCETON, Ills., Aug. 23.—The Illinois and Mississippi canal, commonly known as the Hennepin canal, was brought into prominence here by the commencement of work on the east end. One hundred and thirty men were put to work clearing the trees and undergrowth from the right of way, and in less than three weeks over 2,000 will be at work constructing the ditches and in making ready for the locks. The men are being taken from the ranks of the unemployed in this district, and will be given steady employment. This canal, which, with the Chicago drainage canal and Illinois river, is to form an important waterway connecting the northwestern states with the Chicago grain market, will now be pushed with as much speed as the present and future appropriations to congress will allow.

The route at the east end for a distance of thirty-five miles has been definitely settled upon. Twelve miles of this distance has been condemned by the United States district court and eight miles has been paid for and possession secured. Additional tracts are now being condemned as fast as the machinery of the court can operate. Next Monday the contracts for the first four miles will be let, with the provision that active work be commenced by the contractors within ten days. The excavations will then be commenced along the entire four miles under the supervision of twenty government employes. The contracts will be let for each mile and each lock separately.

Deaf and Dumb Association.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., Aug. 27.—The Deaf and Dumb association has adjourned to meet at Chicago in 1897. The following delegates were appointed to attend the national convention at Philadelphia in 1896: Rev. James H. Cloud, St. Louis; Oscar H. Regensburg, Chicago; D. W. George, Jacksonville; Frank H. Gray, Pittsburg, Pa.; Miss Eva Ore, Olathe, Kan.; Rev. Phillip J. Hasenstadt, Chicago; Miss Cynthia Luttrell, Jacksonville, Ills.

Preparing for Illinois State Fair.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., Aug. 23.—The state board of agriculture met here to complete arrangements for the state fair the last week in September. The grounds were inspected, and it was found that work on the exposition building had so progressed as to insure it being in a condition for use by the middle of next month. It will not be completed, but will be inclosed so that the most valuable exhibits can be shown with perfect safety.

What the Strike Cost Illinois.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., Aug. 28.—Company G, Third infantry, I. N. G., the first company called for strike duty, with $2,428.89 advanced by John J. Murphy, a banker of Woodstock, was paid yesterday. The adjutant general says that $55,000 will be necessary to reimburse the national guard and pay all expenses for the late strike. Since July 23 there have been twenty-eight riots in this state.

Illinois Democratic Committee.

CHICAGO, Aug. 28.—The Democratic state central committee meeting at the Palmer House attracted a large attendance of politicians from all parts of the state, together with the candidates on the state ticket. The state committee arranged for meetings at which McVeagh will speak at Peoria, Sept. 5; Springfield, Sept. 6, and Quincy, Sept. 7.

Condition of Illinois Banks.

SPRINGFIELD, Aug. 27.—Tabulated reports of the state banks of Illinois showing their condition Aug. 8 has been issued by the state auditor. One hundred and twenty-five banks show total resources of $140,819,200.94, against $118,202,394.95 May 17, date last call.

State Items.

Mrs. William Pens committed suicide at Jacksonville, Ills., without any known reason.

The coroner's jury at Rushville, Ills., found that Mrs. Ripetoe died of poison administered by an unknown person.

Gas in paying quantity has been found at a depth of ninety-six feet at Paxton, Ills.

The Methodist campmeeting of the Peoria and Joliet districts began at Fairbury, Ills. It will continue until Aug. 31.

Clarissa Burke, 15 years old, committed suicide at Champaign, Ills., by taking poison.

T. C. Frank of Ramsey, Ills., gave his child ammonia instead of a stomach mixture, causing its death.

The council at Marengo, Ills., has decided to issue liquor licenses. The town has been "no license" for thirty years.

E. G. Asay of Oregon, Ills., father of Prosecuting Attorney W. Asay of Chicago, was thrown from his carriage in a runaway, breaking three ribs and injuring him internally. He is advanced in years and it may prove fatal.

Charles Hersfield of Clarksdale, Ills., has been sentenced to the Chester prison for life for the murder of his wife April last.

Fred McKinney, a young farmer of Rock Island county, Ills., had his skull crushed and was instantly killed by the upsetting of a hay derrick.

Edward Baughman, a farmer near Taylorville, Ills., was killed by lightning.

Situation at New Bedford.

NEW BEDFORD, Mass., Aug. 27.—There were 3,000 people at the Bristol mill gates as a result of the report that the mills would open, but no attempt was made to start the mills. A massmeeting of the striking weavers followed. The Howland, Rotch and New Bedford manufacturers started up quietly with no demonstration by the operatives. The officials of the Bennett and Columbia mills and the spinners are holding a conference.

The Massillon Coal District.

MASSILLON, O., Aug. 27.—The proposition of the Massillon coal operators to the striking miners to accept 60 cents a ton by noon Aug. 25 having met with no response the operators declare themselves at liberty to follow any policy or hire any men they want. The strikers have removed their tools from the mines and there is much talk of employing colored miners from the south.

Death of President Newell.

CLEVELAND, O., Aug. 27.—John Newell, president of the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern railway, died at Youngstown of apoplexy.

CONDENSED NEWS.

History of the Week Given in Brief Paragraph.

Mrs. Mack Abrahams of Frankfort, Ky., quarreled with her husband, because he went to hear Breckinridge speak, and took morphine and arsenic with probably fatal effect.

Sixty per cent of the Hungarians, more than half the Italians, and 30 per cent. of the Austrians and Bohemians who came to the United States between 1880 and 1890 returned to their native soil.

Gas was struck near Tarkio, Mo., at a depth of 390 feet. A flame thirty feet high is burning.

U. C. Ridenour was convicted at Marion, Ia., of buying wolf pelts in Nebraska for 60 cents each and collecting a bounty of $5 each in Iowa.

Patrick Donahue, an old veteran stationed at the national soldiers' home, was shot and instantly killed by a widow named Mary Johnson at Leavenworth, Kan. Mrs. Johnson claims Donahue insulted her daughter.

A merchandise car of the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy railroad company, sidetracked in Princeton, Ills., was robbed of $400 worth of men's furnishing goods consigned to A. Oppenheimer & Co.

* * *

Mrs. E. A. White of Bloomington, Ills., sued the Railway Officials and Employes' Accident association of Indianapolis for $10,000 for the death of her husband.

W. J. Connell was arrested at San Diego, Cal., charged with using the mails in an attempt to defraud.

Stratton, the convict arrested in Chicago for breaking out of prison in Colorado, is the Pittsburg police say, Elmer Beck, wanted there for murder.

The United Brothers of Friendship, the greatest negro organization in the country, began its triennial national convention at Little Rock. Many prominent educators were present.

President Cleveland has been invited to attend the big cotton fair at Dallas, Tex., in October.

William Locklader, 25 years old, was arrested at Yorktown, Ind., charged with murdering Joseph Larkin at Howard, Kas.

Senator Hawley of Connecticut has sailed for Europe.

The American Water Works association commenced its fourteenth annual convention at Minneapolis.

* * *

The La Salle State bank at La Salle, Ills., is authorized to commence business with a capital stock of $50,000. John Stuart is president and Nicholas W. Duncan cashier.

In Kansas Mr. Sapp is a candidate for congress, while Mr. Gabby is running for a county office.

The copyright for "Uncle Tom's Cabin" expired a year ago, but Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe is still allowed a bonus from the sale of her work by publishers.

The Wagner Palace Car company's annual report shows gross earnings of $4,268,259, and expenses of $3,823,702.

John Wells shot and killed William Dayton in a quarrel at Boone, Ia. Wells was wounded in the head. Both are negroes.

It is reported that the Grand Duke Paul Alexandrovitch, the youngest brother of the emperor, is betrothed to Princess Maud, the youngest daughter of the Prince of Wales.

The golden rod is to be the state flower of Maine.

* * *

Jacob Iles, a German laborer 55 years old, was killed at Dixon, Ills., while trimming trees, by a falling branch.

The paint factory of Howe, McClure & Co., and the warehouse of Watson's paper mill, at Erie, Pa., were destroyed by fire, involving a loss of $60,000.

Adam Stivetts, father of John Stivetts, the Boston base ball player, was killed in a coal mine at Ashland, Pa.

Henry R. Pearson, who is supposed to have a brother in Chicago, killed himself in Kansas City. He was short in his accounts with the Piano Manufacturing company.

The first and second mate of the steamer V. H. Ketchum are under arrest at Ashtabula, O., for robbing Captain Mack of $1,000.

Arthur Bennett of Creston, Ia., collided with a team while riding a bicycle and was fatally injured.

M. A. Teague and Herman Cowkowitz were arrested at Pendleton, Ind., on a charge of embezzlement brought against them at Denver.

* * *

Moses Miller, a contracting bricklayer, committed suicide at Decatur, Ills., by taking laudanum.

John Haslett, who lives east of Jacksonville, Ills., was run down by a Wabash train and instantly killed.

The millers of central Kansas have combined under the name of the Central Milling company, and will keep a representative in Boston to sell Kansas flour in New England.

Robbers cut up W. A. Cummings, a real estate dealer of Iola, Ia., with a hatchet, and he will die.

Henry Hansen, fireman of a thrashing machine, was killed while crossing a bridge near Fairbury, Ills. The bridge collapsed under the weight of the engine, which fell thirty feet. Hansen was carried down under the engine and crushed to death.

Edward Crowel, a well-to-do carpenter living near Tiskilwa, Ills., has suddenly disappeared and the efforts of the family to locate him have so far proved unsuccessful.

The law office of Charles A. Barnes at Jacksonville, Ills., was entered, the safe opened by means of the combination and silverware valued at $500 taken.

That Tired Feeling

So common at this season, is a serious condition, liable to lead to disastrous results. It is a sure sign of declining health tone, and that the blood is impoverished and impure. The best and most successful remedy is found in

HOOD'S Sarsaparilla

Which makes rich, healthy blood, and thus gives strength to the nerves, elasticity to the muscles, vigor to the brain in and health to the whole body. In truth, Hood's Sarsaparilla

Makes the Weak Strong

Be sure to get Hood's and only Hood's. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Hood's Pills cure nausea and biliousness.

TWO SOLDIERS

A Thrilling Army Romance of the Western Frontier.

By CAPT. CHARLES KING, U. S. A.

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CHAPTER V.

"I am almost glad to hear that she is not the heiress people said she was."

And now a matter has to be recorded which will go far to convince many of our readers that Capt. Lane was even more of an old fashioned prig than he has hitherto appeared to be. After leaving the Vincents' late on the previous day he had come to his rooms, and sat there for fully two hours in the endeavor to compose a brief, manly letter addressed to Vincent pere. It was nothing more nor less than the old style of addressing a gentleman of family and requesting permission to pay his addresses to his daughter Mabel. A very difficult task was the composition of this letter for our frontier soldier. He was desperately in earnest, however; time was short, and after several attempts the missive was completed. His first duty in the morning was to send that letter by an orderly to Mr. Vincent's office. Then he turned to his sergeant and asked for news of the deserter. Not a word had been heard—not a single word.

"I have been everywhere I could think of, sir," said the sergeant, "and both the men have been around his customary haunts last night and this morning making inquiries, but all to no purpose. The detectives came and burst into his trunk, and there was nothing in it worth having. He had been taking away his clothing, etc., from time to time in small packages and secreting them we don't know where. One thing I heard, sir, that I never knew before, and that was that after he had gone to bed at night he would frequently steal out of his room and go away and never reappear until breakfast time in the morning. And now will the lieutenant—the captain—pardon me for asking the question, are the check books all right, sir?"

"What put that idea into your head?" asked Lane.

"Well, sir, some of the men tell me that he was always writing at his desk, and once Strauss said that he had picked up a scrap of paper that he hadn't completely destroyed, and the handwriting on it didn't look like Taintor's at all; he said it more resembled that of the captain, and it made me suspicious. I never heard this until late last night."

A sudden thought occurred to Lane. Taking out his check book, he carefully counted the checks remaining and compared them with the number of stubs, and found, to his surprise and much to his dismay, that at least five or six checks were missing.

"Send for a cab at once. I must go down to the bank. You stay here, and when Lieut. Noel comes give him my compliments and ask him to sit down and wait awhile and read the morning paper. I'll be back in a very short time."

Following the custom established by his predecessor, Capt. Lane had always kept the recruiting funds in the First National bank. His own private funds he preferred to keep in an entirely different establishment—the Merchants' Exchange.

The cab whirled him rapidly to the building indicated, and, although it lacked half an hour of the time of opening, he made his way into the office and asked to see the paying teller.

"Will you kindly tell me if any checks on the recruiting fund have lately been presented for payment?" he eagerly asked.

The captain was referred to the bookkeeper, and that official called him within the railing.

"No less than four checks were brought here yesterday for payment, and they came between half past 2 and 3 o'clock in the afternoon," was the bookkeeper's report. "There seemed to us something wrong in the simultaneous presentation of the four, and I was on the point of addressing a note to you this morning to ask you to come down to the bank. Everything about it appears in proper shape and form, except that three of the checks have been indorsed payable to your clerk, William Taintor, who came in person and drew the money."

"Let me see the checks, if you please," said the captain.

They were speedily produced. Lane took them to the window and closely examined them.

"I could not tell them," he said, "from my own handwriting; and yet those three checks are forgeries. I believe that the indorsements on the back are equally forgeries. Now, can I take these with me to the office of the chief of police, or do you desire that the detectives should be sent here? Taintor deserted last night, and all traces have been lost. What is the amount that he has drawn?"

"One check, payable to the order of William Hayden for board furnished to the recruiting party, is to the amount of $45.50. The second, payable to James Freeman, and indorsed by him to William Taintor, as was the first, is for the rent of the building occupied by the recruiting rendezvous, precisely similar in form and amount to the previous checks, for the sum of $60. The third check is payable to William Taintor himself, marked 'for extra duty pay as clerk at the recruiting office for the past six months.' The fourth is made payable to the order of Sergt. James Burns, 'extra duty pay as non-commissioned officer in charge of the party for the six months beginning Jan. 1 and ending June 30.'"

This check, too, had been indorsed payable to the order of William Taintor. All four checks, amounting in all to the sum of about one hundred and sixty dollars, had been paid to the deserting clerk during the afternoon of the previous day.

"Had you no suspicion of anything wrong?" said Lane.

"I knew nothing about it," said the bookkeeper. "They were presented to the paying teller at the desk, and it was not until after bank was closed, when we came to balance up cash, that the matter excited comment and then suspicion. Taintor has frequently come here before with drafts and checks, and if you remember, sir, on one or two occasions he has been sent for new check books when the old ones had run out."

"That's very true," said Lane. "He has been employed here in this rendezvous for the last ten years, and has borne, up to within my knowledge of him, an unimpeachable character. If any more checks come in stop payment on them until you see me, and, if possible, detain the person who presents them."

Half an hour afterwards the captain was back in his office, and there, true to his appointment, was Lieutenant Noel.

"I have had a strange and unpleasant experience, Noel," said Lane. Most of my papers have been faultily made out. My clerk deserted last night and has turned out to be a most expert forger. He has stolen half a dozen checks from my book, made them out to the order of various parties, forged the indorsements himself, got the money yesterday afternoon, and cleared out, no one knows where."

"Great Scott, old man! that is hard luck! How much has he let you in for?" asked Noel, in the slang of the period.

"Only a hundred and sixty dollars, fortunately; and I have made that good this morning—placed my own check to the credit of the recruiting fund in the First National bank, so that in turning over the funds to you there will be no loss. We have to make new papers for the clothing account; but as quickly as possible I will have them ready for your signature and mine."

"There is no hurry whatever, old fellow," answered Noel, cheerily. "I've come back from the regiment a little short of money, and I want to have a nest egg in the bank to begin with. It's a good thing to have a fat cousin, isn't it? He has always been very liberal and kind to me, and, luckily, I've only drawn on him twice. So I'll hurry along."

Five minutes after Noel left, a district messenger entered with a note for Capt. Lane. It was addressed to him in the handwriting of Mr. Vincent. He opened it with a trembling hand. It contained merely these words:

"I am obliged to leave for New York this afternoon. Can you come to my office at 1 o'clock? We can then talk without interruption; and I much desire to see you. "T. L. V."

As the big bell on the city hall had struck one, Capt. Lane appeared at the office of Vincent, Clark & Co., and was shown without delay into the private room of the senior partner. Mr. Vincent, looking even older and grayer in the wan light at the rear of the massive building, was seated at his desk and busily occupied with a book of memoranda and figures. He pushed back his chair and came forward at once at sight of Lane, and motioned to the clerk to retire. The cavalryman's heart was beating harder then he had any recollection of its ever doing before, except in her presence, and he felt that his knees were trembling. But the old gentleman's greeting gave him instant hope:

"I am glad you have come, my dear sir; I am glad to know a man who was taught as I was taught. Young people nowadays seem to rush into matrimony without the faintest reference to their parents, and your letter was a surprise to me—a surprise, that is, in the fact that you should have sought my permission at all."

"Take this chair, captain," he continued, as he returned to his desk. "I have much to say to you," he added, with a sigh. "Let me say at once that from what I know and have heard of you there is no man of my acquaintance to whom I could intrust my daughter's future with more implicit confidence. It is true that both her mother and I had at one time other hopes and views for her, and that we wish your profession was not that of arms. And now I beg you to be patient with me, and to pardon my alluding to matters which you yourself broach in this—this most manful letter. You tell me that you are not dependent on your pay alone, but that from investments in real estate in growing cities in the west and in mines in New Mexico your present income is some five thousand dollars. As I understand you, the property is steadily increasing in value?"

"It has steadily increased, thus far, sir, and I think it will continue to do so for several years to come—in real estate investments at least."

"I am glad of this, on your account as well as hers, for Mabel has been reared in comparative luxury. She has never known what it was to want anything very much or very long. She has been educated on the supposition that her whole life would be equally free from care or stint; and if I were to die tomorrow, sir, she would be a beggar."

And here, in great agitation, the old gentleman rose from his chair and began nervously pacing up and down the little room, wringing his white, tremulous hands and turning his face away from the silent soldier that he might not see the tears that hung to the lashes or the piteous quivering of the sensitive lips. For a moment or two nothing more was said. Then, as though in surprise, Mr. Vincent stopped short.

"Did you understand me, Capt. Lane? I do not exaggerate the situation in the least. I do not know how soon the ax will fall. We are safe for today, but know not what the morrow may bring forth. I may be met en route by telegrams saying that the journey is useless—that we are ruined—and the money I hope to get in New York to tide us over would come only too late. Next month at this time the house in which Mabel was born and reared may be sold over her head, with every scrap and atom of its furniture, and we be driven into exile. Do you realize this, sir? Do you understand that if you win her affection and she becomes your wife I have not a penny with which to bless her?"

"Mr. Vincent," answered Lane, "I would hold myself richer than any man in this world if I could know that your daughter cared for me and would be my wife. Do not think that I fail to sympathize and feel for you and all who are dear to you in your distress and anxiety, but I am almost glad to hear that she is not the heiress people said she was. It is Mabel I want,"—and here his voice trembled almost as much as the old man's, and his honest gray eyes filled up with tears he could not down—"and with her for my own I could ask nothing of any man. I have your consent to see her, then, at once if need be? You know I am relieved from duty here and must rejoin my regiment within ten days."

"My full consent, and my best wishes, captain," said Mr. Vincent, grasping the outstretched hand in both his own. "You have not spoken to her at all?"

"Not a word, Mr. Vincent; and I can form no idea what her answer will be. Pardon me, sir, but has she or has Mrs. Vincent any knowledge of your business troubles?"

"My wife knows, of course, that everything is going wrong and that I am desperately harassed; Mabel, too, knows that I have lost much money—very much—in the last two years; but neither of them knows the real truth—that even my life insurance is gone. A year ago I strove to obtain additional amounts in the three companies in which I had taken out policies years ago. Of course a rigid examination had to be made by the medical advisers, and the result was the total rejection of my applications, and in two cases an offer to return with interest all the premiums hitherto paid. The physicians had all discovered serious trouble with my heart. Last winter our business was at it lowest ebb. I had been fortunate in some speculations on 'change in the past, and I strove to restore our failing fortunes in that way. My margins were swept away like chaff, and I have been vainly striving to regain them for the last three months, until now the last cent that I could raise is waiting the result of this week's deal. Every man in all the great markets east and west knew three weeks ago that a powerful and wealthy syndicate had 'cornered,' as we say, all the wheat to be had, and was forcing the price up day by day; and I had started in on the wrong side. Even if the corner were to break to-morrow I could not recover half my losses. The offer the insurance companies made was eagerly accepted, sir; I took their money, and it dribbled away through my broker's fingers. If wheat goes up one cent, we cannot meet our obligations—we are gone. We have been compelled to borrow at ruinous rates in order to meet our calls; I say we, for poor Clark is with me in the deal, and it means ruin for him too, though he, luckily, has neither wife nor child. Are you ready, sir, to ally your name with that of a ruined and broken man—to wed a beggar's daughter?" And here poor old Vincent fairly broke down and sobbed aloud. Long watching, sleepless nights, suspense, wretched anxiety, the averted looks and whispered comments of the men he daily met on 'change, the increasing brusqueness and insolence of his broker, Warden—all had combined to humiliate and crush him. He threw himself upon the sofa, his worn old frame shaking and quivering with grief. The sight was too much for Lane. This was her father; it was her home that was threatened, her name that was in jeopardy.

"Mr. Vincent," he cried, almost imploringly, "I cannot tell you how utterly my sympathy is with you in your anxiety and distress. I beg you not to give way—not to abandon hope. I—I think it may be in my power to help a little; only—it must be a secret between us. She—Mabel must never know."

CHAPTER VI.

In the three days that followed the transfer of funds and property at the recruiting rendezvous took place, and Mr. Noel stopped in, vice Lane, relieved and ordered to join his regiment. The former was having a delightful time. A guest of the wealthy Witherses could not long be a stranger within their gates to the Queen citizens, and every afternoon and evening found him enjoying hospitalities of the most cordial character. At the club he had already become hail-fellow with all the younger element, and had made himself decidedly popular among the elders, and every man who had not met that jolly Capt. Noel was eager to be presented to him. He was ready for pool, billiards, bowling or a drink the moment he got within the stately doorway; and, as he sang, whistled, laughed, chatted and cracked innumerable jokes during the various games, was a capital mimic, and could personate Pat, Hans or Crapaud with telling effect, his presence was pronounced by every one as better than a solid week of sunshine—something the Queen City rarely, if ever, experienced.

Poor Lane, on the contrary, was nearly worrying his heart out. He had gone to the Vincents' the very evening on which he had seen the father of the family off for New York, and had nerved himself to put his fortune to the test—to tell her of his deep and devoted love and to ask her to be his wife. That she well knew he loved her, without being told, he felt sure must be the case; but, beyond a belief that she liked and trusted him, the captain had not the faintest idea as to the nature of her feelings towards him. He was a modest fellow, as has been said. His glass told him that, despite a pair of clear gray eyes and a decidedly soldierly cut to his features, he was not what women called a handsome man; and, what was more, there were little strands of gray just beginning to show about his broad forehead and in the heavy moustache that shaded his mouth. Lane sighed as he remembered that he was in his 36th year. How could she care for him—fifteen years her senior? Lane rang the door bell that night and felt once more that his heart was beating even as it did at 1 o'clock when he was ushered into the awful presence of her father.

"Miss Mabel says please excuse pencil, sir."

"Miss Vincent has not left her room today, and is not well enough to come down to-night, sir," said the servant who came to the door, "and Mrs. Vincent begged to be excused because of Miss Mabel's needing her."

"I—I am very, very sorry," stammered the captain. "Please say that Mr. Lane called" (they had known him so well for two months as Mr. Lane that he could not yet refer to himself by his new title), "and—and would call again to-morrow, hoping to hear Miss Vincent was much better."

And then, dejected and miserable, and yet with something akin to the feeling one experiences when going to a dentist's to have a tooth drawn and the dreaded wielder of the forceps proves to be away, Lane retreated down the broad stone steps until he reached the walk, gazed up at the dim light in the window which he thought might be hers, anathematized himself for his lack of self possession in not having asked whether there wasn't something he could bring her—something she would like—for the simple hearted fellow would have tramped all night all over town to find and fetch it—and then a happy thought occurred to him: "Women always love flowers." He ran to the next street, boarded a west bound car, and was soon far down town at his favorite florist's.

"Give me a big box of cut flowers—the handsomest you have," he said; and while they were being prepared he wrote a few lines on a card, tore it up, tried again on another, and similarly reduced that to fragments, and finally, though far from content, limited the expression of his emotions to the simple words:

"Do get well by Saturday at latest. I cannot go without seeing you. F. L."

"Where shall we send them, sir?" asked the florist, as he came forward with the box in his hand.

"Never mind; I'll take it myself," was the answer, as the captain popped in the little missive.

And when he got back to the house the light was still burning in the window in the second story, and the doctor had just left, said the sympathetic Abigail, and had said it was nothing serious or alarming; Miss Mabel would have to keep quiet a day or two; that was all.

But what hard luck for poor Lane, when the days of his stay were so very few! All Thursday morning was spent at the rendezvous, counting over property and comparing papers with Noel. Then, while that gentleman went to the club for luncheon the captain hastened to the Vincents' door to renew inquiries, and was measurably comforted by the news that Miss Mabel was much better, though still confined to her room. Would he not come in? Mrs. Vincent was out, but she thought—did that most intelligent young woman, Mary Ann—that perhaps there was a message for him. Like Mr. Toots, poor Lane, in his anxiety to put no one to any trouble, came within an ace of stammering: "It's of no consequence," but checked himself in time, and stepped into the bright parlor in which he had spent so many delicious hours listening to her soft, rich voice as she sang, or as she chatted blithely with him and her frequent guests. It was some time before Mary Ann returned. Evidently, there was a message, for the girl's face was dimpled with smiles as she handed him a little note. "Miss Mabel says please excuse pencil, sir; she had to write lying down. Miss Holton has just gone away, after spending most of the morning."

Excuse pencil! Lane could hardly wait to read the precious lines. How he longed to give the girl a five dollar bill! But this wasn't England, and he did not know how Mary Ann would regard such a proffer. She promptly and discreetly retired, leaving the front door open for his exit, and the sweet June sunshine and the soft warm breath of early summer flowing in through the broad vestibule.

"How good you are to me!" she wrote. "The flowers were—and are still—exquisite. I shall be down stairs a little while to-morrow afternoon, if the doctor is good to me as you are. Then I can thank you, can I not? M. L. V."

The hours dragged until Friday afternoon came. He had to go to the Witherses to dinner on Thursday evening, and a dreary, ostentatious, ponderous feast it was. Noel, in his full dress uniform, was the hero of the hour. He greeted Lane a trifle nervously.

"I meant to have telephoned and begged you to bear me out, old man," said he, "but this thing was sprung on me after I got home. Cousin Mattie simply ordered me to appear in my war paint, and I had to do it. You are to go in to dinner with her by the way; and I wish you were en grande tenue instead of civilian spike tail. Here's Amos."

And Amos marched him around to one guest after another—"self made men, sir"—heavy manufacturers and money makers, with their overdressed wives. Lane strove hard to be entertaining to his hostess, but that lady's mind was totally engrossed in the progress of the feast and dread of possible catastrophe to style or service. Her eyes glanced nervously from her husband to the butler and his assistants, and her lips perpetually framed inaudible instructions or warnings, and so it happened that the captain was enabled to chat a good deal with a slight, dark eyed and decidedly intelligent girl who sat to his right, and who was totally ignored by the young cub who took her in—the eldest son of the house of Withers, a callow youth of 20.

"You did not hear my name, I know," she had said to him. "I am Miss Marshall, a very distant connection of Mrs. Withers', the teacher of her younger children, and the merest kind of an accident at this table. Miss Faulkner was compelled to send her excuses at the last moment, and so I was detailed—isn't that your soldier expression?—to fill the gap."

"And where did you learn our army expressions, may I ask?" said Lane smilingly.

"I had a cousin in the artillery some years ago, and visited his wife when they were stationed at the old barracks across the river. There's no one there now, I believe. Listen to Captain Noel: he is telling about Indian campaigns."

Indeed, pretty much everybody was listening already, for Noel, with much animation, was recounting the experiences of the chase after the Chiricahua chieftain, Geronimo. He was an excellent talker, and most diplomatic and skillful in the avoidance of any direct reference to himself as the hero of the series of dramatic incidents which he so graphically told, and yet the impression conveyed—and intended to be conveyed—was that no man had seen more, endured more or ridden harder, faster and farther, than the narrator. Flattered by the evident interest shown by those about him, and noting that conversation was brisk at Lane's end of the table, the lieutenant soon lost himself in the enthusiasm of his own descriptions, and was only suddenly recalled to earth by noting that now the whole table had ceased its dinner chat, and that, with the possible exception of the hostess, who was telegraphing signals to the butler, every man and woman present was looking at him and listening. The color leaped to his face, and he turned towards Lane with a nervous laugh.

"I'd no idea I was monopolizing the talk," he said. "Fred, old man, wasn't it G troop that tried to get across the range from your command to ours when we neared the Guadalupe? Amos and Mr. Hawks had been asking me about the chase after Geronimo."

"Yes, it was G troop—Capt. Greene's," answered Lane.

"You know that Capt. Lane and I are of the same regiment, and, though not actually together in the chase, we were in the same campaign," said Noel, apologetically, and then, quickly changing the subject: "By the way, Mr. Hawks, is Harry Hawks, of the artillery, a relative of yours?"

"A nephew, captain—my brother Henry's son. Did you know him?"

"Know him? Why, he is one of the warmest friends I have in the whole army—outside of my own regiment, that is. We were constantly together one winter when I was on staff duty in Washington, and whenever he could get leave to run up from the barracks he made my quarters his home. If you ever write to him just ask him if he knows Gorden Noel?"

"Do you know, Capt. Lane, that I have found your comrade captain a very interesting man?" observed Miss Marshall; and her eyes turned upon her next door neighbor in calm but keen scrutiny.

"Noel is very entertaining," was the reply; and the dark gray eyes looked unflinchingly into the challenge of the dark brown.

"Yes, I have listened to his tales of the frontier at breakfast, dinner and during the evening hours, since Sunday last. They are full of vivacity and variety."

"One sees a good deal of strange country and many strange people in the course of ten or a dozen years' service in the cavalry."

"And must needs have a good memory to be able to tell of it all—especially when one recounts the same incident more than once." And Miss Marshall's lips were twitching at the corners in a manner suggestive of mischief and merriment combined.

Lane "paused for a reply." Here was evidently a most observant young woman.

"There! I did not mean to tax your loyalty to a regimental comrade, captain; so you need not answer. Capt. Noel interests and entertains me principally because of his intense individuality and his entire conviction that he carries his listeners with him. 'Age cannot wither nor custom stale his infinite variety;' but there should not be quite so much variety in his descriptions of a single event. This is the fourth time I have heard him tell of the night ride from Carrizo's ranch to Canyon Diablo."

"You have the advantage of me, Miss Marshall," answered Lane, his eyes twinkling with appreciation of her demure but droll exposure of Noel's weak point. "It is the first time I ever heard his version of it."

"It is the last time he will mention it in your presence, if he saw the expression in your face, Capt. Lane."

"Do those introspective eyes of yours look clear through and see out of the back of your head, Miss Marshall? Your face was turned towards him. You stopped short in telling me of your cousin in the artillery and your visit to the barracks, and bade me listen to something I did not care half as much to hear as your own impressions of garrison life. Never mind the quadruplex account of the night ride. Tell me what you thought of the army."

"Well, of course, the first thing a girl wants to know is what the shoulder straps mean; and I learned the very first day that the blank strap meant a second lieutenant, a single silver bar a first lieutenant and two bars a captain—that is, in the artillery. Now, why this provoking distinction in the cavalry? Here's a captain with only one bar, a captain whose letters from the war department come addressed to Lieut. Gordon Noel!"

"Noel never speaks of himself as captain, I'm sure," said Lane.

"Neither do you; and for a year past, ever since I have known you by sight"—and here a quick blush mounted to her temples—"you occasionally came to our church, you know," she hastened to explain—"you have been referred to as Lieut. Lane or Mr. Lane; but we know you are a captain now, for we saw the promotion recorded in the Washington despatches a fortnight ago. What was the date of Capt. Noel's elevation to that grade? I confess I took him for your junior in the service and in years too."

"Yes, Noel holds well to his youth," answered Lane, smilingly.

"And about the captaincy?"

"Well, he is so very near it, and it is so apt to come any day, that perhaps he thinks it just as well to let people get accustomed to calling him that. Then he won't have to break them all in when the commission does come."

"Then he is your junior, of course?"

"Only by a file or so. He entered the service very soon after me."

"But was not in your class at West Point?"

"No; he was not in my class."

"In the next one, then, I presume?"

"Miss Marshall, is your first name Portia? I should hate to be a witness whom you had the privilege of cross examining. There are ladies 'learned in the law,' and I expect to read of you as called to the bar within a year or two."

"Never mind, Capt. Lane. I will ask you nothing more about him."

"No, Miss Marshall, I presume that my clumsiness has rendered it totally unnecessary."

That night, as the guests were dispersing, Lane did what most of them entirely omitted: he went over to the piano and bade Miss Marshall good night.

"Capt. Lane," she said, "I beg your pardon if I have been too inquisitive and too critical, as I know I have been; but you have taught me that you know how to guard a comrade's failings from the world. Will you not forgive a woman's weakness?"

"There is nothing to forgive, Miss Marshall. I hope sincerely that we may meet again before I go back to the regiment."

And later, as Lane was walking homeward from a final peep at the dim light in a certain window, he had time to think how intolerable that dinner would have seemed had it not been for the accident which placed that dark eyed governess by his side.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A Balloon Explosion.

"One of my balloons gave me a scare once," remarked Mr. Carl E. Myers, the aeronaut, "but it wasn't because I was in it. It was in June of 1891, when I was conducting some rainmaking experiments in Washington. I sent up a balloon 10 feet in diameter, filled one-third with oxygen and two-thirds with hydrogen gas, and at a height of 1,500 feet I exploded it by an electric wire. It was the most extraordinary sight that I have ever seen, that explosion. As for the sound—well, that was what frightened me. I wasn't prepared for it. At the instant of explosion the balloon became 100 feet in diameter and of a dull red color. It wasn't as if it had expanded to that size. It looked as if the original balloon had simply disappeared and another ten times as big had simultaneously taken its place. A fraction of a second later the thing vanished, and the air was filled with minute particles.

"Then came an explosion that was simply terrifying. Never have I heard anything to approach it. It seemed to shake my heart within me. My head rang for hours afterward. The wire was thrown back to us crumpled up like so much twine. For a long distance around all the little fishes in the brooks were killed by the concussion. Directly below the balloon was the bowling alley of the Casino rink, and after the explosion that alley looked as if an aerial giant had stepped on it. It collapsed as a card house collapses under a careless touch. On the following day I received polite notes from the assistant secretary of agriculture and the chief clerk of the Smithsonian institute. The secretary protested mildly. The chief clerk set forth that his cattle on a neighboring farm had been seriously disturbed by the explosion, and would I please go away somewhere when I wanted to do it again. I moved to Texas, where cattle are cheap."

One Way to Get There.

"Oh, Mr. de Cromo! I had such a time finding your painting at the exhibition today. It was hung away up in an obscure corner."

"Yes. I am disappointed. I shall quit art and start a laundry."

"Mr. de Cromo!"

"Yes. Then my work will always be hung on the line."—B., K. & Co.'s Monthly.

THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY,
CHIEF EDITOR.

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CHICAGO, SEPTEMBER 1, 1894.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st., between Clark and Lasalle-sts.—"The Amazons."

McVICKER'S THEATRE.
Madison street, between State and Dearborn—"New Blood."

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Dearborn and Clark—"In Old Kentucky."

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.
Halsted street, between Madison and Monroe—"Hoss and Hoss."

HAVLIN'S THEATRE.
Wabash avenue and Nineteenth street—"A Run on the Bank."

NATIONAL PANORAMA.
Wabash avenue and Hubbard court—Battle of Gettysburg.

WAR MUSEUM.
Wabash avenue, between Fourteenth and Sixteenth streets—Libby Prison.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

"It is not strength, and 'tis not steel
Alone can make the English reel,
But wisdom working day by day
Till comes the time for passion's sway;
The patient dint and powder shock
Can blast an empire like a rock!"
—*Thomas Davis.*

WOLSELEY'S LIBEL ON NAPOLEON.

Gen. Lord Wolseley concluded in the August number of the *Pall Mall Magazine* his series of interesting articles on the "Decline and Fall of Napoleon." He more than hints that for some years previous to his dethronement at Fontainebleau, the great Corsican suffered from a mysterious malady—presumably a form of epilepsy, to which the other mighty conqueror, Julius Cæsar, was also subject—which deprived him of his mental, as well as physical, faculties, in moments of danger and difficulty. To this malady Lord Wolseley attributes Napoleon's inertness at Borodino, when both Ney and Murat implored him to put the Imperial Guard into action, and thus complete the destruction of the Russian army covering Moscow, and, three years later, his neglect, after Ligny, to pursue the beaten Prussians, his delay in sending Grouchy in pursuit of Blucher, so that the line of his retreat could have been determined before the Emperor engaged Wellington at Waterloo, and, lastly, the lateness of the hour at which the last named action was begun, thus giving time to Bulow to arrive at St. Lambert and threaten the right flank of the French army, already sufficiently employed by the army of the Duke of Wellington in its front.

The articles are highly interesting from both a military and historical standpoint, and they are particularly noticeable as detracting from Wellington some portion of the credit for foresight hitherto given him by most historians. Lord Wolseley, if we interpret him aright, admits that both Blucher and Wellington were surprised, and caught unprepared, by Napoleon's sudden irruption into Belgium. Nothing, he says, could have been more skilfully planned than the four days' campaign of the French emperor, and hardly anything could have been so faultily executed by his subordinates. Ney seems to have blundered badly at Quatre Bras, which he neglected to occupy in time on June 16. Drouet D'Erlon's corps was, because of conflicting orders from both the Emperor and Ney, "idly paraded" the whole day of the 16th between the two sanguinary battlefields of Ligny and Quatre Bras, without firing a shot. Grouchy, who wished to march in pursuit of the Prussians on the night of the 16th, received no orders to move, because, according to General Wolseley, Napoleon was sick and asleep at Fleurus, immediately after the battle, and nobody dared to awake him for orders, until noon on the 17th; and, finally, Marshal Grouchy erred in not marching on the sound of the cannon at Waterloo, when he heard it, while at breakfast, at noon on the 18th. Lord Wolseley frankly admits that Wellington's motley army was no match, man for man, for Napoleon's seasoned veterans under more favorable conditions. But a moiety of them were British troops, and a goodly proportion of these were recruits, receiving their "baptism of fire." He admits, also, that the "splendid audacity" of Bulow's march—by Blucher's direction—to the relief of Wellington decided the day in favor of the Iron Duke, as it compelled Napoleon to use Lobau's corps and, at least half the Young Guard, with proportionate cavalry and artillery, in combating the Prussian flank movement. Had the Emperor been free to use Lobau and the Young Guard, entire, against the Duke's centre, about the time Ney captured La Haye Sainte, there is little doubt that the English centre would have been pierced, and the battle decided in Napoleon's favor.

Lord Wolseley gives solely to Gneisenau, chief of the Prussian staff, who commanded temporarily after Blucher was wounded at Ligny, the credit of having ordered the retreat on Wavre, which was the decisive movement of the campaign. It enabled the four Prussian corps in the field to reunite on the morning of the 17th, and thus rendered it possible for Blucher to assist Wellington at Waterloo. Lord Wolseley is rather inclined to credit the tradition that Wellington had had a perfect understanding with the Prussian marshal, on the night of the 17th of June, that he would be supported by two Prussian corps in case he engaged Napoleon in front of the forest of Soignies on the 18th. Otherwise, the battle of Waterloo might not have been fought at all, and Wellington might have retreated on Ostend to wait for developments.

It seems to us that Lord Wolseley is entirely right in claiming that Napoleon committed the fatal error of the campaign in not pursuing Blucher's beaten army, with every available man, on the evening of the battle of Ligny. He had had sufficient experience of the temperament of the fiery Prussian at Lutzen, Bautzen and Leipsic, in 1813, and in the valleys of the Marne, the Aube and the Seine in 1814, to warn him that a mere bloody conflict, in which the Marshal suffered an ordinary defeat, was not sufficient to remove such a persistent enemy from the field of active operations. Therefore, Napoleon was defeated at Waterloo because he failed to reap the fruits of his victory at Ligny. For this, according to the Anglo-Irish general, the "mysterious malady" rather than the Emperor was to blame.

Lord Wolseley, like all good soldiers, cannot help doing full justice to Napoleon's matchless generalship, but he is far too severe on his moral character. We don't think General Wolseley is by any means an ungenerous enemy, but he is certainly uncharitable to the Emperor in the concluding paragraphs of his series, thus:

"As a patriot, how little worthy was he of the reverence and all the devoted love bestowed upon him by his brave, faithful and loyal army! * * * Bonaparte's march through the world was marked by the blood-trail of tens of thousands of gallant soldiers. * * * Yet it is not for this reason, or because he wasted upon horrible war the means of national prosperity and individual enjoyment, that men specially loathe his memory. [Only Englishmen and their Irish satraps—ED.] It is because his whole career, from childhood to the day of his death, was one great untruth, and was made up of deceit, treachery and the most appalling and selfish indifference to the feelings and wants of others—was, in fact, one great, unholy deception. * * * A studied and finished actor in all his relations with men and women, he assumed, at times, an apparently kindly interest in the fate of those about him, and could cleverly pretend a feeling of generous and magnanimous impulse, when he thought it would pay him to do so. Throughout life he was always playing to an audience, whether it was to his army by stirring general orders, or to France by his lying bulletins, or to the world, present and to come, by his childish conduct at St. Helena, and the fictions he concocted there. The instrument he played upon was man, and no other human being has ever understood its gamut better, or how well to call forth its strong tones, or to get more out of it. He knew the springs that moved the moral machinery, especially the emotional side of humanity, and above all things the Frenchman's love of high flown, melting sentiment. He was thus able to endear himself to France, and especially to her splendid soldiers, who loved him with a love the like of which we only find in the devotion with which the Tenth Legion loved Cæsar." Lord Wolseley concludes with a quotation from Byron, which he says was written in relation to Napoleon's overthrow at Waterloo:

Since he, miscalled the Morning Star,
Nor man, nor friend hath fallen so far.

We think the lines were written to commemorate the first abdication, not the second. Byron had a lurking admiration for Napoleon, but there was just enough of the resentful John Bull in him to make him write faulty poetry respecting his hero. Byron's original Napoleonic poetry is, compared with his other effusions, paltry, but some of his translations from the French possess considerable merit.

Lord Wolseley's moral indictment of Napoleon will not stand the test of examination. A born Corsican could not become a Frenchman in a day. The love of France and the French grew upon him by contact and experience, just as love of America and Americans grows upon the Irish immigrant by the same process. His ardent Italian nature made him dramatic and eloquent, and also inspired him with a passion for women, which, however, as in the case of Josephine, who was by no means a model wife, he did not allow to interfere with his ambition. He rescued Paris from the revolted Sections, and Italy from the Austrians, before he was six and twenty. He had conquered Egypt at twenty-nine. He reconquered Italy for France and became First Consul, in his thirty-first year. England forced him to break the Treaty of Amiens, by refusing, after having promised, to give up the island of Malta, in 1804-5. Then she raised nearly all Europe against him, in order to draw him away from the menace of the camp at Boulogne in 1805. He defeated Austria at Ulm, in October of that year, and conquered Austria and Russia combined, at Austerlitz, in the following December. Then Prussia conspired against France, and he crushed her at Jena and Auerstadt, in October, 1806. Russia, instigated by England, took up Prussia's quarrel, and was routed at Friedland, in June, 1807. These were all offensive-defensive wars, produced, mostly, by the policy of England. Napoleon made an unjust war on Spain and Portugal, in 1808-9. While engaged against Spain, Austria, again influenced by England, rose in his rear. He quit the peninsula, crossed France, entered Germany and destroyed Austria at Wagram, in July, 1809. This gave peace to Europe, except the Iberian peninsula, until 1812, when Russia's violation of the Treaty of Tilsit—also instigated by England—caused the disastrous invasion of that country. The campaigns of 1813 in Germany, and of 1814, in France, were purely offensive-defensive. Napoleon was compelled to fight for his existence. He had little or no faith in treaties with European powers, dominated by English influence and subsidies. The campaign of 1815 was the most romantic in history. Napoleon, as Lord Wolseley suggests, should have died at Waterloo. Perhaps "the still imperial hope," at which Byron hints, sustained him in his hour of disaster. But Napoleon was not the only military hero who failed to die on the field of battle. Murat survived his shameful defeat by the Austrians to be shot by the Calabrians, and Ney, "the bravest of the brave," escaped, leaning on the arm of a corporal, from Waterloo, only to be shot by the Bourbons whom foreign bayonets restored. Surely if these heroes—the Ajax and Achilles of France—failed to die at the proper time, and in the proper manner, Napoleon cannot be justly blamed for surviving his final overthrow.

No man could be wholly bad, or bad at all in the heartless sense indicated by General Wolseley, who won such hearts to love him as those of Duroc, Bertrand, Drouot, Montholon, Las Cases and Gourgaud. It is only the mean men, like Bourrienne and Fouche, that hated Napoleon; or the intriguing women, like De Stael and De Remusat. We find a better picture of him in the writings of Barry O'Meara, his surgeon at St. Helena; of Las Cases, his faithful secretary, and of the Duchess D'Abrantes, who does not conceal his faults, but does justice to his virtues. He left to France, Lombardy and Rhenish Germany his admirable Code Napoleon, which proved him a Justinian as well as a Cæsar.

No servant of England, like Lord Wolseley, should ever mention St. Helena without a blush of shame. It is not from Napoleon, but from those who saw him slowly murdered on that island, we have the story of the wrongs and the outrages heaped upon him by that shameless British scoundrel, Sir Hudson Lowe. Had Napoleon been cruel, like Frederick, he could have shot some generals for cowardice, others for incompetency, and not a few for treason. Had he been heartless, he would not have pensioned the widows and orphans of slain soldiers, who could be of no further use to him. Many faults he had, indeed, but he was neither cruel, nor cowardly nor uncharitable. He was the mightiest human being that ever existed, but, because he was England's enemy, and England's victim, no servant of that power can, or will, do him simple justice.

ITALY'S INSANE INGRATITUDE.

The journalistic prognosticators of both America and Europe predict a bloody war or speedy disarmament of the gigantic triple alliance of the latter continent. Italy, although by no means the most powerful member of the alliance, is credited with being the nation most likely to bring on the conflict, in order to escape from bankruptcy. This surely, if a true statement, is the most unjustifiable cause for war that ever existed. The strangest thing about it is that Italy fastens upon France, as we think unjustly, the main cause of quarrel. It dates back to 1859, when Nice and Savoy were ceded to France, in recognition of that nation's services in expelling the Austrians from Lombardy. Mr. James J. O'Kelly, ex M.P. for Roscommon, and one of the most accomplished of European journalists, in a correspondence to a Dublin paper, says: "The whole French nation resents with the deepest bitterness the connection of Italy with the triple alliance. It seems to them that the blood and treasure poured out by France to redeem Italy from the Austrian yoke ought to have secured at least her permanent neutrality, if not her active friendship. This is not the Italian view. They claim that the cession of Italian territory—that is to say, Nice and Savoy—paid for Solferino and Magenta, and therefore Italians have nothing to be grateful for. The first blot in this contention is the claim that Savoy is or ever was part of Italy. It is true that the dukes of Savoy became kings of Piedmont, but that circumstance did not alter the fact that, both geographically, racially, and linguistically, Savoy was and is one of the most thoroughly French of all the provinces of France. It is, therefore, little less than impertinent for the Italians to claim Savoy as a part of their new fangled kingdom, which, created yesterday, will probably disappear to-morrow, as it deserves to disappear.

"Impartial history will declare that the statesmen of Italy brought ruin on their country by their treachery and silly ambition. Instead of turning their attention to the peaceful development of the resources of their country, and to improving the condition of their people, these dreamers set to work to restore the glories of imperial Rome, with a view to making Italy the dominant power in the Mediterranean. They sought to do this at the expense of France by the aid of England. But these clever traitors overreached themselves. The men who govern Great Britain are not such fools as to allow themselves to be used by the clever, but shallow intriguers in Rome. They accepted, and today accept, the help of Italy in carrying out their own projects, but they are careful to give nothing but soft words in return. England is glad of the countenance of Italy for her occupation of Egypt and her delimitations of spheres of influence in Africa. In exchange she has graciously granted Italy permission to conquer the bravest, strongest, and most formidable native State in Africa, a task that is certainly beyond her financial capacity. Up to the present that is the only advantage Italy has secured by her semi-official alliance with Great Britain."

Mr. O'Kelly is not, in our opinion, a particle too severe on the Italian statesmen who would seek to injure France, the gallant benefactor of their country. Only for the French, Italy might be, even now, the prey, as she was before 1859, of the Hapsburgs and the Bourbons. France, not Austria or Germany, is her natural ally. If she ever gets wholly into the power of her two dear allies, they will rend her in pieces, and deliver her fragments back into slavery. The Italian people are kindred to the French, and should be their friends. The fall of France would be Italy's final ruin, and the statesmen who urge the Italians to make war on the nation that struck off their chains should be driven from the land their rule ruins and disgraces.

THE EVICTED TENANTS JUSTLY DISPIRITED.

We are informed by cable and otherwise that the "wounded soldiers" of the Irish land war, otherwise the evicted tenants, are so disheartened by the rejection of the bill for their relief by the house of lords that they will make no further effort, and cannot be aroused from their apathy. Poor fellows! who can blame them? They sacrificed everything, including homes and families, for a principle, and at the behest of their leaders, and now they find themselves fooled and undone by a too confiding belief in the sincerity of the English Whigs. Now, of course, we may expect to hear of a recurrence of "agrarian outrages," the shooting of landlords, the thrashing of bailiffs and the like, throughout the island. When the Irish peasant farmer is deprived of all hope of redress by peaceable means, can any humane person blame him for resorting to the primitive weapon of force in seeking to remedy his wrongs? True it is that he is not always wise or discriminate in his methods; he often blunders in his policy, and, occasionally, hurried on and temporarily blinded by a burning sense of injustice, inflicts injury upon the wrong man, but are not the law-makers who deliberately drive him to desperation, knowing that they have an easy mode of pacification within their power, infinitely more criminal than he? The Anglo-Norman barons still hold the key to land reform in the Three Kingdoms, and, as of old, block the way of substantial reform. The English middle and laboring classes, while prone to quarrel with the peers on questions that affect themselves, have no thought for Ireland. These phlegmatic Saxons are as truly the serfs and tools of "the iron lords of Normandy," where Ireland and the Irish are concerned, as they were in the days of Strongbow and Mountjoy.

Ireland is tranquil enough now—as tranquil as death itself—for even the fierce minded old Queen admits the fact in the speech prepared for her by that smooth-faced, and smooth-tongued, jockey, Rosebery, who, in his Irish policy at least, may be described as a political "Welcher."

Seeing that home rule is hung up, that the Evicted Tenants bill has followed suit, we cannot understand why the Irish section that holds the balance of power in the British parliament still hesitate to turn out the Whigs and bring on a general election. The tone of the anti-Whig press throughout Ireland is daily growing stronger against the English Liberal traitors, and there can be little doubt that independent policy, so long and to successfully pursued by Mr. Parnell, is gaining numerous recruits in all parts of the island. *United Ireland*, of Aug. 18, concludes a spirited leader on the rejection of the Evicted Tenants bill by the lords, in the following terms:

"Now that the peers have defied the house of commons and thrown out the bill has the end come; and are we to hear no more of the evicted tenants? We hear vague mutterings and rumors, but this is no time for timidity, doubt, or indecision. We want to know, and the people of Ireland want to know, what is the next move on the political chess-board? Is the government at this moment, when the duped evicted tenants of Ireland are sad at heart, and when wrath is kindling in their bosoms because of this grievous disappointment, to be allowed to continue its fooling of the Irish people; or is the game of bluff and deceit to be continued to the end? The Irish people should answer, and if they are prepared to assert their power and their might they should now say out boldly and unequivocally what is their ultimatum. Their war cry should be—Our rights or else——!"

PRAISING THE BRITISH FLAG.

The Sydney, Australia, *Freeman's Journal* of July 21 prints some doggerel about home rule, the refrain of which is as follows:

"From the Union we will never
Seek the present ties to sever,
Britain's flag is ours forever,
With our own home rule."

The "poet" of the foregoing signs himself "G.B.M." We are astonished that the *Freeman's Journal*, which is a well conducted newspaper, should publish such nauseating trash. "Britain's flag is ours forever!" We don't believe there is living a genuine Irishman base enough to adopt such a sentiment. No obscure person, such as "G.B.M." has a right to foist his idiocy on a long suffering people. The Irish have many faults to answer for, perhaps, but they have never been successfully charged with the gross crime of admiration for "Britain's" stinking flag, the folds of which reek with the blood of the murdered and the putrefaction of the starved. An Irishman who reveres the British flag is a moral monster. He may be the victim of invincible ignorance; his surroundings may have been deceptive, but such an Irishman is an object of pity and contempt. Our dearest hope on earth is, some day, to see the British flag degraded from its imperial state and trampled beneath the feet of triumphant adversaries. It is the flag that flew over the human shambles of 1798 and 1803; over the famine graves of 1847, at Skull and Skibbereen, and throughout the length and breadth of Ireland. It is the flag of eviction and extirpation. A curse upon it, and on all who uphold it, be they Irish or otherwise, is the vehement prayer of the Irish national heart.

MORE "ROMANCE OF FENIANISM."

Mr. Arthur M. Forrester continues his fascinating story, "The Romance of Fenianism," in the *Irish Weekly Independent*. He is doing valuable service to the cause of physical force patriotism by showing how really formidable Irishmen can become to England when they bend their minds solely to revolution. Viewed in the light of Mr. Forrester's statements, the Irish in England itself were nearly as formidable to the national enemy as the Irish in Ireland. Persons who, like ourselves, are familiar with Fenian history will not be astonished by Mr. Forrester's stirring narrative, but the younger generation will read with wonder the extent and power of the movement which come so near trying armed conclusions with England less than a generation ago. The question has often been asked, What did the Fenians mean by their attempted raid on Chester Cattle? Mr. Forrester answers it in this fashion:

"They proposed to concentrate the English Fenians in and around Chester, and on a given night attack Chester Castle, defended only by a few pensioners, at the same hour seizing the railway station with its locomotive and cars, and tearing up the tracks and cutting the telegraph wires between Chester and the three nearest points where troops were stationed—Warrington, Crewe, and Birkenhead. All the rifles of the Cheshire militia, volunteers, and yeomanry were stored in the castle; it was the depot for surrounding counties. It subsequently transpired that at the time of the contemplated raid there were 30,000 stand of arms (90,000 rifles) and nearly 10,000,000 cartridges stored in the ancient citadel. These were to be loaded upon trains and under the guard of the 2,500 Fenians who had seized them conveyed to Holyhead. At Holyhead a band of 500 Fenians were already to have captured the Kingstown mail boats and by these steamers the volunteers, 3,000 trained, desperate men, with arms and ammunition for 80,000 more, were to be taken to the coast of Wicklow or Wexford, where they hoped to form the nucleus of an Irish revolutionary army. The details of the plan were carried out with extraordinary secrecy and skill. The night of Monday, Feb. 11, 1867, was fixed upon for the raid, but the orders for the movement were not issued until Saturday, Feb. 9. On Sunday, at noon, 1,500 men were en route to Chester from the various English cities. They were to be followed on Monday by as many more. Small squads reached Frodsham, Crewe, and various other points on the railway lines leading into Chester, whose mission was to destroy all communication with that city by rail or wire.

"Half a dozen men were stationed at Conway, and as many at Bangor, between Chester and Holyhead, to tear up the tracks after the trains with the captured arms had passed. To account for the presence of so many strangers in a small city like Chester, rumours were industriously circulated among the passengers on the train conveying the volunteers that a fight was coming off near Chester between Tom Allen (afterwards champion of America) and Harry Kelly of Bradford. The Irishmen on the trains talked of scarcely anything else, and made bogus bets with each other on the issue of the mill. So successful was this deception that the chief constable of Chester warned the various heads of the Chester constabulary of the contemplated breach of the peace, and instructed them how to proceed should the fight begin on their ground. On their arrival in Chester as many of the Fenians as could be accommodated obtained lodgings in the Irish quarters of the town, but a few hundred were obliged to lie on the platform or in the refreshment room of the station. Their conduct is a marvel of self restraint and silence. So much ginger ale and other temperance drinks was never consumed in that saloon before, and the waiters and barmaids were astonished and perplexed to find prizefighters such a sober crowd. McCafferty, Flood, and a score or more American officers were already on the ground, and they went to rest that night with the firm belief that within twenty-four hours they would be steaming to the Irish coast at the head of a glorious expedition. About 9 o'clock the following morning an American officer, pale and breathless, burst into room where McCafferty and Flood were at breakfast. 'For God's sake,' he gasped, 'Come out! Come out!' They followed him wonderingly up the street. In a few minutes their faces, too, blanched, and their hearts stood still. Down the broad road leading from the station to the castle came a battalion—nay, a regiment of redcoats. Their bearskin caps, their huge forms, their blue facings proclaimed them part of the household troops—the Grenadier Guards. In through the castle gates they swung, line after line, a hundred, two hundred, five hundred—a thousand of the finest infantry in the British Empire. The pass had been sold, the plot betrayed, and another Fenian bubble had burst.

"The informer on this occasion was a wretch named Corydon, an American soldier, who bore a very unenviable record in the Union ranks, from which he was a deserter, but had, nevertheless, wormed himself into the confidence of the Fenian leaders and received a commission in their columns. For hours, it seemed as if Corydon's treachery would be fruitless. His communication to Dublin Castle was treated with contempt. A telegram to the home secretary met with no better fate. The first Liverpool police inspectors he told his story to laughed at him. But he finally secured a listener in Major Greig, chief constable of Liverpool. This was late on Sunday afternoon and there was no time to be lost. The Major acted like a flash. He wired to Chester: 'Are there large numbers of strangers arriving?' 'Yes, over a thousand here already.' 'What seems to be their business?' 'To attend a prize fight.' 'Are they a rough crowd?' 'No, very quiet and orderly.' 'Any Irish among them?' 'Nearly all Irish.'

"That settled it. Before midnight the war office was in frenzied motion. The Grenadier Guards were sent by special train from London to Chester. They were followed by the Thirty-ninth Regiment from Manchester. The Holyhead Volunteers and a strong force of special police were called out to defend the mail boats, and two gunboats were dispatched in hot haste to Holyhead harbor. To have endeavored to carry out the Fenian programme, in the face of such measures, would have been madness. The Fenians in Chester were ordered to disperse, and special messengers were sent to intercept the bodies en route. Among the Fenians themselves the Chester affair has come to be looked upon as more or less of a mad escapade. The British government thought differently. Honors and emoluments were showered upon Major Greig for his prompt action. He was granted a generous pension and made a knight commander of the bath, one of the highest honors in the gift of the crown. At a banquet given to Major Greig by the corporation of Liverpool Sir Garnet Wolseley, 'England's only general,' declared that the new K.C.B. had balked 'the most skilfully conceived and perfectly executed plan the Fenians had ever devised,' and spoke of the incident as the 'only evidence of military genius' the movement had ever afforded. For his share in the raid Captain McCafferty was sentenced to death, but escaped that penalty to drag out many weary years in British dungeons. He is now living in some western state.

"It may interest readers from English cities to know that the following were the contingents which left various towns for Chester—Liverpool, 300; Manchester, 250; Oldham, 200; Ashton, 50; Rochdale, 60; Bolton, 60; Bradford, 400; Leeds, 280; Halifax, 40; Huddersfield, 40; Sheffield, 40; Blackburn, 40; Wigan, 50; Newcastle-on-Tyne, Sunderland and other towns on the Tees, Wear and Tyne, 250, Hanley and the Potteries 100, Birmingham, 100; and various smaller squads from smaller towns."

DIV. 5, A.O.H.

At a regular meeting of Division 5, Ancient Order of Hibernians, the election of officers for the year 1894 took place and resulted as follows:

President, Patrick Coghlan; Vice-President, James J. Brennan; Recording Secretary, Ed M. O'Reilly; Financial Secretary, Tim. Cullinane; Treasurer, John Beegan; Sergeant-at-Arms, John Melanphy; Sentinel, Thos. Donovan; Marshal, M. Cassels.

It was decided by a unanimous vote of the members present that future meetings be held on the first Friday of every month. Members will please note this and make an effort to attend.

PATRICK COGHLAN, Prest.
ED. O'REILLY, Sec.

HOME FOR THE AGED.

Laying the Cornerstone of the Splendid New Catholic Institution by the Most Rev. Archbishop Feehan.

Grand Parade of the Catholic Societies—Addresses by His Grace and the Rev. Father Thomas P. Hodnett.

Before an assemblage numbering at least 5,000 people Archbishop Feehan officiated Sunday in laying the corner stone of the new Home for Aged People, which is about to be erected on Prairie avenue, between Fifty-second and Fifty-third streets, by the Little Sisters of the Poor. The ceremony was impressive. Incident to the event there was a parade of Catholic societies, which formed on Grand boulevard at Forty-third street and marched to Fifty-third street and Prairie avenue. The line of march was on the two streets named above, and the formation of the line was as follows:

Squad of police under Lieut. Morrisey.
Chief Marshal L. Henely.
Aides—S. B. Quinlan, P. B. Flanigan, P. M. Clowry, W. J. Doherty.
Nativity Drum Corps.
Divisions Nos. 1 to Nos. 35, Ancient Order of Hibernians.
Uniformed Commandery Catholic Order of Foresters.
Carriage bearing Archbishop P. A. Feehan.
Sixth Ward Drum Corps.
Catholic Order of Foresters.
Nativity Court No. 11.
De LaSalle Court No. 159.
St. Brendan Court No. 409.
St. James Court No. 7.
Notre Dame Court No. 25.
Jacques Cartier Court No. 5.

The line contained about 2000 men, and was followed by as many people. When Archbishop Feehan and his party arrived on the platform arranged for invited guests there were seated near the front Thomas Brenan, William Dillon, John C. Schubert, Brother Adjutor, director of De LaSalle Institute, Father Murray of St. Bernard's church, Father Feehy of the Church of the Visitation, Father Lesage of St. Joseph's, Father Croake of Mount Carmel, Father O'Shea of St. Ann's, Fathers Gilday, Van Pelt, and Swanson of St. James, and Father McShane of the Annunciation.

Immediately upon arrival of the Archbishop the ceremony commenced. He was attired in the white cope and carried in his right hand the golden crozier, while two trainbearers attired in purple followed him. Just behind them came Father Hugh McGuire of St. James' church and Father B. Murray of St. Bernard's, who assisted as deacons during the ceremony. Then came the altar boys and acolytes in surplice and cassocks. The procession thus formed passed through and out of the uncompleted building where the Archbishop blessed the holy water and returned to the cornerstone, over which he delivered a benediction. The reading of the litany of the saints was followed by the blessing of the foundation walls. In doing this the procession passed around the entire building chanting the opening of the Miserere. Just prior to the final setting of the great cornerstone a tin box was placed in a cavity beneath it, and in this box were copies of all of yesterday's daily papers, names of all of the Little Sisters of the Poor now in Chicago, a history of their work since the first organization, and the names of the aged that they are now caring for in this city.

The address of the occasion was made by Father Hodnett, pastor of St. Malachy's church in this city. He opened with a general talk on charity and of the noble work of the Little Sisters of the Poor. In their labors he said the Catholic Church set the world an example, und in the care of the aged he believed this church brooked no rival. He followed with a brief history of the organization, which was founded in Brittany, France, in 1840. He eulogized France for its assistance to America, and characterized that country as the eldest daughter of the Catholic Church. In giving statistics relative to the growth of the organization he made the statement that it now had 236 houses in the Old and New Worlds with 50,000 occupants, and thirty-eight homes in the United States in which are domiciled nearly 7000 aged people. The doors of these he said were thrown wide open without discrimination—Catholics or Protestants, Jews or Gentiles, white or colored, the sisters made no discrimination; race, creed, or previous servitude were not considered in an application for admission. Then he referred to their duties and made a feeling allusion to their devotion and attention in the dying moments of an inmate. He closed his address with a tribute to the administration of Archbishop Feehan, briefly referring to the zeal, liberality, and progress of the Catholics in Chicago. When culture and humanity were in the question he maintained that the Catholics of this city were always in the van.

Archbishop Feehan then made a short but pathetic address, in which he made an appeal for aid and recognition of the work of the Little Sisters of the Poor, who will be able to care for more than one thousand people when the new home is completed, making three homes in this city. Then he briefly referred to the aged men and women in these homes.

"They had their childhood," he said, "they had their springtime of youth. They have had happy homes, they may have had children, they may have been well off in their day. Then came adversity. Perhaps their children died, perhaps the children abandoned the old father and mother, and then the poor and aged people became like driftwood on the shores of the seas. Then they are cared for by the Little Sisters of the Poor, who have given up youth, health, home, and country to help the old and feeble. This is their noble and heroic work and they need all of the encouragement and help you can give them."

The ceremony closed with a blessing by the Archbishop. Bishop Dunne, formerly of this city but now of Dallas, Tex., sat with the official party during the ceremony.

The new home is located in one of the most attractive parts of Chicago and is already up above the foundations. The lot has a frontage of 300 feet on Prairie avenue and runs through to Indiana. When completed the Home will have accommodations for between 500 and 600 inmates. For the present, however, the building will be only partly completed, as the Sisters have not sufficient money to carry out the work. The main part of the building will be finished, and later two wings will be added. That portion of the structure now under way is to be 140 feet long by 100 feet deep and five stories high. It is to be built of Roman pressed brick with white stone trimmings. The interior is to be finished in hardwood and completed it will cost $60,000.

GAELIC POETRY.

Nansaidh, mo mhile gradh.

A Nansaidh, a mhile gráidh, a chúl fesmuineach,
deas bán,
Go bh-feicfidh mise an sonas 'gus an seun
ort,
'S gur gile do dhá láimh 'ná an cóbhar air an
t-snámh,
'S na an eala 's i ag snámh fh h-Erne.
Is glaise liom do shúil 'ná an braon uisge
dréicht',
A's is binne liom do bheul 'ná na teuds;
'S mar n-eulaighidh tu liom-sa tuitfidh me i
liondubh,
A's cuirfear ann san uaidh ad' dhiaigh mé.

Aithris do mo ghnádh go bh-fuil mé ag fághail
bháis
Le h-iomarcaidh gráidha air a méin mháith;
'S aithris di aris nach g-codlaim trian na h-
oidhche
Leis an arraing a tá thrid mo thaoibh dheas.
Suidh sios le n-a taoibh 's aithris di i m-bun
réin,
'S aithris sin go cluin, glan, eudtrom;
Aithris féin d'á cum 's d'á beul a tá binn,
Gur ghiorraigh sí go mór mo laethe.

Is iomdha sin guth mná a'dul tharm ins an lá,
Taobh abhus agus taobh tháll de'n Erne;
O Dhoire na sluagh go Corcaigh na g-cuan
'S gur b'i Nansaidh a thug buaidh air an méid
sin.
Is truagh gan me 'gus i air thaoibh an leas' 'nn
ar suidhe,
No i n-gleanntán beag áluinn sléibhe,
Air bhinnse glas gan suan go suidhfinn léithe
sios
'S go g-cuirfinn mo chlaonuighcacht i g-céill
di.

Tráthnóna má chidhim-se thd, a stóir geal mo
chroidhe,
Tiocfaidh an t-amharc chugam aris 's an
t-éisteacht;
'S an tuirse tá air mo chroidhe go n-imeochaidh
se dhiom,
'Gus ní aithneóchar an aois tá air chlár m'
eudain.
Ag teacht an Dómhnaigh aris, is trom ath-
tuirseach a bhidhim,
'S go n-dfainn, dá m-bá fion, an Eirne;
'S ní'l aon fhear ag an righ a bhainfeadh le mo
mhnaoi
Each léigfinn fuil a chroidhe dá bh-feud-
fain.

Resolutions of Condolence.

The following resolutions were passed at a recent meeting of Boyle O'Reilly Court No. 173, Catholic Order of Foresters:

WHEREAS, It has pleased Almighty God to call from the midst of the happy home of our worthy chief ranger, Thos. Conroy, his beloved daughter, Loretto Macie; therefore be it

Resolved, While Bro. Conroy and his family mourn the loss of a loving daughter, Boyle O'Reilly Court extends to its worthy chief ranger and his grief-stricken family its sympathy and condolence in their indeed great affliction. And be it further

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions he spread on the records of this court, a copy presented to our chief ranger, and a copy be forwarded to the *Catholic Forester* and THE CITIZEN for publication.

Committee: Dr. Henry T. Murphy, Patrick J. O'Brien, Michael McLaughlin.

Real Faith never grows weak by having to wait. Sufferers taking Hood's Sarsaparilla for chronic complaints should be patient and the result will be satisfactory. Hood's Cures.

Hood's Pills act easily, yet promptly and efficiently, on the liver and bowels. 25c.

Avoiding Pain and Peril.

Defensive measures against the foe are ever adopted by a wise commander. You can be commander of the situation and strike a desisive blow at the start at that dangerous and relentless enemy, rheumatism, if attacked by it, by resorting in time to Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which checks permanently the progress of a malady, among the most obstinate, painful and possibly dangerous, against which medical skill and the resources of materia medica are arrayed. No evidence is more concurrent and convincing than that which proves that the Bitters neutralizes the rheumatic poison and checks its farther development in the system. For malarial and kidney trouble, dyspepsia, want of vitality, nervousness, liver complaint and constipation, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is the leading remedy.

THE GAELIC CLASS.

The Gaelic Class meets every Sunday from 2:30 to 6 o'clock p.m., in St. Patrick's Academy, Desplaines street, north of St. Patrick's church, second floor. Books can be obtained at the school from a member of the class.

INFORMATION WANTED.

of the whereabouts of Joseph and Jacob Meares, born in Tipperary, Ireland; who left parish of Moyne, Thurles, county Tipperary, between 1849 and 1854; and of George Meares, who left between 1866 and 1868. Sought for by their brother, Thomas Meares. Reply to office of this paper.

Two Hours' Ride to Milwaukee.

Via Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Ry.
Leave Chicago 3 o'clock p.m.
Arrive Milwaukee 5 o'clock p.m.
Milwaukee is a summer resort.
It is cool and pleasant.
Its hotels are the best in the west.
Start Saturday afternoon.
Come back Monday morning.
Four dollars for a round-trip ticket.
Parlor car seats reserved in advance.
City Ticket Office, 207 Clark street.

THE BLACKSMITH OF RATHOE.

A '98 Ballad.

BY JOHN C. O'NEILL.

"Arise, arise, Shawn Doyle, arise, to horse and ride away;
Spur hard and fast to Clonegal without the least delay.
To horse, to horse, the Ninth Dragoons are marching from Carlow
To capture Billy Byrne, the blacksmith of Rathoe."

"Is that you, Tim?" "It is, my friend, for Heaven's sake arise;
Already on the night wind I can hear the troopers' cries
Of vengeance for the thief you shot, the traitor whelp, Muldoon;
Arise, my friend, and ride away before the rising moon.

Of Billy Byrne's hiding place the soldiers are aware,
And if you neglect to fly you'll fall into a snare.
They know he lies within your house, so take your pike and gun,
And you'll be beyond their vengeance before the rising sun."

"Ar't sure the foe is on our trail? 'Tis glorious news, my friend;
While Bill and I can hold a pike the cause we shall defend.
Then let them come, we're ready to welcome them, aroon,
And our pikes shall cross their sabres by the rising of the moon."

"By heaven this is madness, for your foes are ten to one;
Arise and fly for Mary's sake ere the last faint hope is gone.
My brother's horse is at the door, a fleet and gallant grey,
To bear you safe to freedom ere the dawning of the day."

"This message bear unto my love, that I refuse to fly,
And leave a gallant comrade when the enemy was nigh.
At Carlow we fought side by side. Shall I forsake him now
When the dew of death is gathering upon his noble brow?

When Erin's banner proudly flashed defiance to the foe
His sturdy arm and gleaming pike laid many a red-coat low.
We fought at Wexford, Gorey, New Ross, and Arklow town,
But on the crest of Vinegar Hill poor Bill was stricken down.

Favored by the shades of night I bore him from the field,
And until death for him I'll fight, my heart shall be his shield.
And, Tim, though you're the squire's son, you still might strike a blow
For the playmate of our early days, the blacksmith of Rathoe."

"I'll strike a blow for Billy's sake, *ma bouchal*,
Now close the door, for presently the battle will begin.
Aim well and true, my trusty friend.
Here comes the enemy,
Fight to the death, don't be deceived by Saxon treachery."

There are shouts of demon laughter by Burrin's swelling wave,
And clank of swords and carbines, as each accoutred slave
Spurs swiftly to the onset. The pale moon illumes
The scene, and flashes brilliantly upon their dancing plumes.

At length they reach the blacksmith's house, and ride into the yard;
Each trooper's soul is panting for a share of the reward.
Like tigers to the cabin door the British soldiers spring,
And call on Billy Byrne to surrender to the king.

Forth from the cabin windows flashed battle's leaden hail,
And many a burly trooper fell before the fiery gale;
But now the Saxon carbines with equal rage reply,
And swift as swallows on the wing the fatal bullets fly.

The soldiers try to force the door; their efforts are in vain,
In death their gallant leader falls before the scorching rain.
Burn the house they surely must, that dread resource remains,
And soon both roof and doorway are wreathed round with flames.

Within the blazing cabin the sick insurgent lay,
While fast through thatch and rooftree the fiery fiend made way;
Outside the Saxon butchers with gleaming blade and ball,
Impatiently awaited the burning door to fall.

Beside the blazing doorway the troopers form line,
And quickly to the shoulder is raised each carbine;
The door falls with a hissing sound.
"Surrender to the king."
Rings out, as through the dancing flames the gallant rebels spring.

Fiercely and defiantly each Irish rebel strikes,
And many a Saxon trooper falls before their gleaming pikes;
But Billy Byrne's hour has come, his step grow faint and slow,
And fighting bravely to the last fell the the blacksmith of Rathoe.

Oh, Mary, Mary Coakley, 'tis woman's fate to cry,
When war's red flag is on the air, and men march forth to die;
Then weep not for the men who fell, outnumbered by the foe,
They died for Erin's freedom, like the blacksmith of Rathoe.

LABOR'S GREAT DAY.

Next Monday a General Holiday for the Sons of Toil—How and Where it Originated.

The First Monday in September More Generally Observed Than Was Thanksgiving Thirty Years Ago.

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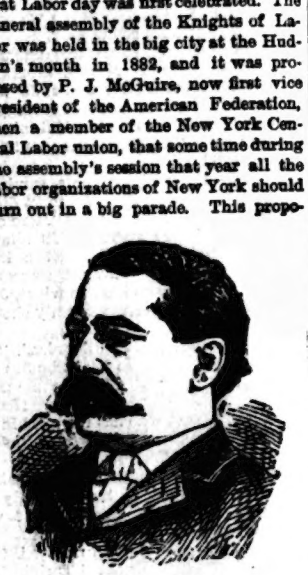
It was 12 years ago and in New York that Labor day was first celebrated. The general assembly of the Knights of Labor was held in the big city at the Hudson's mouth in 1882, and it was proposed by P. J. McGuire, now first vice president of the American Federation, then a member of the New York Central Labor union, that some time during the assembly's session that year all the labor organizations of New York should turn out in a big parade. This proposition was adopted, and the procession was the feature of Sept. 5, which fell on the first Monday of the month. Workingmen of almost every trade took part, and this of course stopped many business establishments and virtually made the day a holiday. The big parade was reviewed by Richard Griffiths, worthy foreman of the Knights, and he as well as all who were on the reviewing stand was greatly impressed. One who was present—Robert Price of Maryland—placing his hand affectionately upon Mr. Griffiths' shoulder, said:



SAMUEL GOMPERS.

"This is Labor day in earnest, Uncle Dick."

Thus the observance of what is now legally a national holiday began, and thus it was named. On every first Monday in September since that first parade Labor day has been celebrated in New York, and the size of the procession, the enthusiasm of the participants and the more or less general cessation of the people from gainful pursuits have been evidence that the new holiday was justified by the best of reasons—a demand from the highest authority in a republic—the people.

It was not long that the establishment of the day in New York before the idea was taken up elsewhere, and Labor day observances were soon an established fact in nearly every city of consequence. To the parade, which has ever remained the chief of these observances, have been added addresses on economic topics and the organization of labor, and every year the movement has grown until now Labor day is far more generally observed than was Thanksgiving day 30 years ago. In only two cases, to be hereinafter mentioned, has the date of Labor day been fixed for any day other than the first Monday in September.

Making Labor Day a Legal Holiday.

It was not until 1887 that the holiday was legalized in New York, the state of its birth. The legislatures of several other states set the day apart the same year, and by the close of 1893 this had been done in 25 states.

Oregon was the first state to pass a bill legalizing the holiday. Such a bill was first introduced, however, in the legislature of New York state.

In several other states legislation has been set on foot for the establishment of Labor day, but has failed so far of accomplishment for one reason and another. Whether it will now be thought necessary to secure such legislation in the remaining states is not decided, so far as the writer's knowledge goes.

On Sept. 6, 1893, Hon. Amos J. Cummings introduced a bill in the house of representatives at Washington making the day a national holiday. This bill was identical in wording with one introduced on Aug. 28, 1893, by the Hon. Mr. Kyle of South Dakota in the senate. The bill was finally passed by congress June 26, 1894, and two days later received the president's signature and became law. The pen with which Mr. Cleveland affixed his signature was sent to Samuel Gompers, president of the American Federation, and is carefully preserved by him. This bill reads as follows:

"A bill making Labor day a legal holiday:

"Be it enacted by the senate and house of representatives of the United States of America, in congress assembled, That the first Monday of September in each year, being the day celebrated and known as labor's holiday, is hereby made a legal holiday, to all intents and purposes in the same manner as Christmas, the 1st day of January, the 22d day of February, the 30th day of May and the 4th day of July are now by law made public holidays."

The Significance of the Day.

The American Labor day has no exact counterpart in Europe. There, it is true, demonstrations of workingmen are often made on May 1, the object being, of course, to produce an impression of strength in numbers and directness of purpose, and so make it easier to win proposed demands as to wages, hours, etc. The May day demonstration is not altogether unknown on this side the ocean, but in many essentials it differs from Labor day. The real distinction of the American holiday lies in the fact that on that day no legal question or contention or dispute is supposed to be intended or allowed to interfere with the day's observance. The workers for one day lay aside their implements of toil and meet to parade and to listen to addresses made by thinkers who have long pondered the labor problem, by all odds the most important one of this day and generation. This was what its founders had in mind at the beginning, and this idea has been pretty generally maintained. Games and other festivities are permissible, of course, and have, in fact, in some localities become important features, but the discussion of the great question that interests those who observe most the day remains and should remain the chief feature.

The assemblies of workingmen on Labor day have been likened to "open courts," before which all sides talk upon the problem of production. This characterization of the day has been truer of late years than in the past, particularly in some localities, where not only thinkers from the ranks of organized labor, but employers as well, have been invited to address the assembled multitudes. The educational value of the day cannot, therefore, be overestimated, and one near whose heart the day has been ever since its first celebration in 1882 has spoken of it as "a day of education, rest and recreation."

Beginnings of the Labor Movement.

Labor day is of course a child of the labor organizations of America. The first society formed for mutual benefit by workingmen in this country was organized by the tailors in 1806. Prior to that time tailors coming to America retained membership in the journeyman tailors' unions of the old country. The hatters of America organized in 1819. The Columbia Charitable Association of Shipwrights and Calkers was formed some time between 1825 and 1830. The printers' first organization, so far as authentic records show, was in 1831. The true formative period of America's labor organizations extends over the 26 years from 1825 to 1851. The chief movement was for higher wages and shorter hours of work, and there were also many experiments in co-operation. New Harmony, Ind., was the scene of the first experiment of this sort. It was backed by Mr. Owen with $1,000,000 in cash, 28,000 acres of land and two libraries costing $30,000 each, and 800 persons joined in the scheme. It lived but two years, however, and, though it has been followed by many other experiments somewhat similar, none has as yet made a lasting success.

Labor legislation began as early as 1777, when it was voted in Newburyport, Mass., that "maximum wages" should be as follows:

Carpenters, 5 shillings 4 pence a day; calkers, 6 shillings a day; day laborers, not found, 4 shillings a day; day laborers, found, 3 shillings a day; joiners, 4 shillings 8 pence a day; masons, 6 shillings a day.

It will be observed that this legislation was all in favor of the employer, inasmuch as the paying of higher wages than those named was prohibited, while there was no minimum scale adopted. Strikes began to occur in 1803, the first one recorded being among the sailors in New York city. It seems to have been settled by the jailing of the leader. There were divers small strikes, and some of some magnitude in the years immediately following, but there seems to have been no really systematic action until 1825, the year already mentioned as the beginning of the formation period of the organizations. In 1826 a Boston newspaper printed a protest against some of the methods of the manufacturers in New England and made demands for the adoption of measures to decrease the dangers of factory operatives and the furnishing them with suitable rooms, lodgings, etc. The Yankee girl operatives were foremost all through this formation period in getting up organization.

Meanwhile in New York city and all along the Atlantic coast the ship carpenters and calkers were agitating for a 10 hour day, and the question of labor legislation was also brought up. In New York in 1828 a bill for a mechanic's lien law was favorably presented to the legislature, but not acted upon. The next year a workingman's ticket was put in the field—the first on record—but every nominee was defeated but one. It seems that at that time the elections extended over several days, and at the close of the first day it was seen that the workingmen were ahead, and so the other tickets were hastily combined to defeat the workingmen's nominees. There were many workingmen's papers then, as now, judging from the allusions to them in the files of such publications as have been preserved, though no copies of the workingmen's papers themselves are known to be extant. Robert Dale Owen was prominent in the movement, and so was Edward Everett, who addressed a meeting of "farmers, mechanics and other workingmen" held in Boston, Feb. 16, 1831. At this meeting arrangements were made for the holding of a convention on Sept. 6, 1832, and at this convention, which, from the old records, appears to have been very well attended and was presided over by Charles Douglas of New London, Conn., ten points were submitted for consideration, as follows: 1. Organization of a central committee for each state. 2. The institution of lyceums or institutes. 3. Reform in the militia system. 4. The expediency of calling a national convention of workingmen. 5. The 10 hour system. 6. The effect of banking institutions and other monopolies upon the condition of the laboring classes. 7. The improvement of the system of education, including the recommendation of such legislative enactments in relation to the internal economy of factories as should assure to the operatives therein a competent degree of instruction. 8. The abolition of imprisonment for debt and the adoption of a national bankrupt law. 9. The extension of the right of suffrage in states where the people were then denied its privileges. 10. The lien laws in favor of journeymen and mechanics. Landed interests, taxation and co-operative trading were also discussed.

It would be interesting and profitable to follow the development of the movement from this date perhaps, but the limits of this article will not permit it. Enough has been given to show that sixty odd years ago the working people of the United States had already begun the agitation that has been in progress ever since, and which, year by year, is taking up more and more of the attention of the entire public and the lawmaking branches of the national and state governments.

The Organizations of Today.

During the six decades that have elapsed since the period of which I have written great strides have been made.

The old days of 12 and 14 hours have given place in the majority of occupations to the 10 hour day, and the agitation is now for the day of eight hours. In every state laws have been enacted for the protection of workingmen such as were only dreamed of then. Imprisonment for debt has practically ceased, great strides have been made in the direction of the abolition of contract convict labor, and in many states boards of arbitration have been created, and in many ways the law now takes cognizance of matters that are of vital interest to workingmen. No matter how individual opinions may differ as to the value of labor organizations, there is no doubt that without their aid the men would never have won the victories which they prize so highly, and despite their defeats, which have been many and sometimes believed to be crushing, the organization idea is gaining ground every day.

J. R. SOVEREIGN.

There are two great divisions among the labor organizations of the United States. In the first may be classed the great railroad brotherhoods, the unions affiliated with the American Federation of Labor and the international and national trades unions. In the second may be classed the assemblies of the Knights of Labor and the American Railway union. The basic difference between the two types may be summed up in the statement that each union of the first class possesses autonomy as to its own local affairs. It orders its own strikes and directs its own local policy, whereas the assemblies of the Knights of Labor are to a much greater extent governed by the general officers of the order, as are the local unions of the A. R. U. by the general officers of that order. The unions affiliated with the Federation of Labor, for instance, bear about the same relation to that organization that the states of the republic bear to the federal government, all local laws and rules being made by each union, while the K. of L. assemblies are governed by rules laid down by the general assembly.

Many efforts have been made looking to closer unity between the different organizations, and three "harmony conferences" of national scope have been held within the last year. Samuel Gompers, head of the federation; General Master Sovereign of the Knights of Labor; P. M. Arthur, chief of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers; Frank Sargent, chief of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen; Eugene V. Debs, president of the American Railway union; John McBride of the United Mine Workers and most of the other leaders are all in favor of unity, but for some reason it has so far failed to materialize. Possibly the national recognition of Labor day as a holiday may tend to hasten its accomplishment.

I. D. MARSHALL.

Packing Ice In Snow.

When I first began to put up ice, we were told to pound it up to pack between the cakes. That was very good. Then we were told to pour water over it and freeze it all solid. This I did once, but never shall again. It made hard work in getting it out. No shape or size to it. When cut perfectly square, all of one size, it will pack so closely that it needs no chinking, but that is seldom done. The last few years I have packed in snow. When a layer is in, throw on snow, take a broom and sweep the cracks full, leaving some on the surface for the next layer. When done, cover the whole with sawdust so thick that it will not melt. Every block will come out just as it went in, with no trouble to loosen it. Some pack sawdust between the cakes. This I do not like. It freezes to the ice and is hard to get off without cutting. Lay the cakes so the space between them will be large at the top; then cram in snow, and you will be more than pleased with the result.—Country Gentleman.

To Be Congratulated.

Castleton—In a sentimental mood I proposed to Miss Griggson last night, and she accepted me.

Clubberly—Great Scott! I did the same thing night before last, and she rejected me.

Castleton—Congratulations, old man! —New York Herald.

The kangaroo readily leaps from 60 to 70 feet. The highest recorded leap of a horse is 37 feet.

KEEPING A ROSE'S COMPANY.

A traveler, toiling on a weary way,
Found in his path a piece of fragrant clay.
"This seems but common earth," said he, "but how
Delightful—it is full of sweetness now!
Whence is thy fragrance?" From the clay there grows
A voice, "I have been very near a rose."
—John J. Piatt.

DIGGING A PIT.

It would be difficult to find a more charming retreat from heat, noise and fashion—those three essentials to a popular summer resort—than Ashland-Among-the-Hills. Its climate well merits the encomium of "salubrious," which the hotel prospectus originally conferred upon it. And yet when young Mrs. Dupont told Mason Welles of her impending departure thither she denounced the place as "poky" and its indwellers as "frights." "Men are so selfish," Alice continued in half serious complaint, "just because Paul delights to burn the bridge of his nose into a peel on that ridiculous lake trying to catch fish, not there, in the first place, and too wise to bite, in the second, I must endure the chatter of mothers about their babies and the gasps of invalids over the ozone. It's too provoking! There are heirs and airs, but their incessant discussion is not my ideal of enjoyment."

"Supposing a friend should attempt the diversion of a new subject by venturing into this wilderness," suggested the gallant Mason.

"Then a friend would be welcomed as a friend indeed," replied Alice, with a smile more coquettish than the meaning of her impulsive little heart.

For young Mrs. Dupont was not accustomed to weigh her words—on the principle, likely, that such scant weight would be an abomination. It was so much easier to utter them just as they flashed over her mind. What becomes of a bubble when it bursts? Thank goodness, sounds had not a writing's power of manifolding and repetition. In certain silent wakeful hours, however, when she couldn't keep from meditation, Alice would be ashamed of some such idle speech and relieved that its echoes had surely died away. She did not realize that the memory of a vain man is a phonograph ever in readiness and ever retentive.

Alice truly felt that she had a grievance against her husband, not that Paul wasn't faithful and kind and generous and all the rest of the orthodox virtues. Sometimes she hated his amiable qualities, not only for being virtuous, but also for their orthodoxy. But there was too much assumption about his regard. One did not quite like to be treated as a collector's specimen, to be eagerly sought after, but when gained labeled and placed on a shelf. Courtship had been too pleasant to Alice to be dismissed as an episode. From her view it should remain as a precedent.

The very charm of Paul the lover militated against Paul the husband. Then he had been zealous, ardent, intent only on her happiness; now he was grave, abstracted, absorbed with the editing of his Scientific Review, acceding to her wishes with a "Yes, my dear," and "Certainly, my love," but regarding them and her, too, as interruptions. Would not a brute with a club be preferable? There surely was an advantage in being noticed.

"I suppose those everlasting Mantell twins will be there," remarked Alice on the train when she was wearied of eliminating telegraph poles from the scenery.

"Eh? Ah! What's that, my dear?" queried Paul, not missing a line in a frumpery contemporary critique. "Oh, yes, I presume so."

"I believe," cried Alice, swinging around her chair indignantly, "if I said Beelzebub would be there in full canda regalia you would say: 'Eh? Ah! I presume so.'"

"I presume so, my dear," replied Paul automatically.

Now, the everlasting Mantell twins, Sophronia and Abigail, found the mountains and woodlands roundabout Ashland commensurate preserves for their intellectual propensities. Had they been as intent on suitors as they were after wisdom they might have been deemed quite pretty, but devotion to geology and botany had divested them of all adorning superfluities, and, beyond a common expression of surprise resultant from pinching eyeglasses and tautly drawn hair, they lacked individuality. A hammer or a forked wand can never become a substitute for the girdle of Venus. Now, if these girls had ever shared a thought more congruous with the latter than with either of the former it was one of most respectful admiration toward Paul Dupont.

A real editor, a Minos and Rhadamanthus combined, with the soul of Draco stirred in, who passed unalterable judgments on trembling authors, was a very Jove to them. Why, perhaps some day their aspirations, concentrated through pen and ink and paper, might be brought before him. Thus far this Jove had retained the panoply of his glories for them, and they had worshiped from afar, yet this humility had not prevented them from exchanging many a shrewd condolence over the incompatibility and grossness of his Juno, which Juno, with that unerring intuition that makes many a giddy young woman disdainful of reason, had not failed to perceive.

One glance over the dining room on their arrival assured Alice that all the "frights" were present. The Mantell sisters were at the same little table in the corner, with hair and eyeglasses straining out surprise, as if they were just finishing the chicken begun the summer before. Nor would that indurated fowl suffer any wrong from such a hypothesis.

"There are your favorites," remarked Alice.

"Eh? Ah! Oh, yes, I presume so," muttered Paul.

He was not at all alarmed when his wife hastily left the table. Her appetite was too capricious for calculation. Its curve would have furnished the most fantastic wall paper design in the world. It was a nibble here and a bite there; a fruit now and a bonbon then; a macaroon shortly and an ice after a little. One might just as well set stated meals for a canary. When, therefore, after a deliberate combination, he found her in an easy chair at the angle of the piazza, with a novel open on her lap and her toilet effectively arranged, Paul remembered that there had been her favorite seat the summer before and felt convinced that she was having a good time. So he turned his attention to the subject of fishing. There was a boat to be engaged, and choice pools to be discussed, and tackle to be arranged. Thenceforward, with the calm conscience of a model husband, he devoted himself to his sport. Perhaps an alignment of the net proceeds would have been an ado about nothing, for he generally forgot to bait the hook. But what would you have?

The warmth of the sun seemed to renew his tired brain; the breeze inspired strength. In the quiet or sparkle of the waters he saw the continuance of prosperity or the advent of success. Had any one asked him how Alice had spent her time he would have regarded the questioner like one inquiring as to the first letter of the alphabet. "Why, as all women do, I presume," he would have answered, rather querulously. "She reads and embroiders and drives and plays tennis, and there are hops and music, you know. Mercy, she's so busy I see but little of her." And Alice, sitting disconsolately on the piazza, appreciated how brief was their actual association and how tedious were the remaining hours, and one day, recognizing a tall form approaching her from the road, with the strides of unfeigned joy, she vowed that Paul, too, should wonder and wait and grow lonely.

The following afternoon, when Paul was returning from the lake, he crossed through the woods to the main road. As he was standing on the bank, half hidden by the underbrush from the bend below, there came a rumble, the tattoo of hoofs and a merry song interspersed with bursts of jocund laughter. A four-in-hand coach swung along, all alight with dainty colors. Such an array of pretty women and gallant men! They might well be pilgrims of pleasure bound for Calypso's isle. And on high, in the rear, beating time with her crimson parasol in the very face of a smug and smiling swain, sat Alice.

Recognition gets its swiftest impulse from dislike. We may mistake a friend, but we often feel an enemy before we see him. Not that Paul regarded Mason Welles in so serious an aspect. He simply disapproved of him with that contempt which consoles the tortoise for the gracefulness of the hare.

"I see that man Welles is here," said Paul to Alice when they met in that domestic forum, their room.

"Eh? Ah! Yes, oh, yes!" she replied.

"Will he remain long?"

"I presume so," continued the young woman mischievously.

Paul colored visibly, despite the exertions of the sun. He felt ridicule the more because he was utterly unable to return it in kind. Some fond, true natures cannot change, except through a convulsion, and then they change radically. The nearest shade of difference from a caress becomes a downright blow. Alice proceeded hurriedly, excusing and thus accusing: "I know you will be pleased, Paul, to hear me say that I like this place so much better. The people here are impossible, of course, except for a spelling bee or a funeral, but there is such a right jolly party staying over at the Maples, friends of Mr. Welles, you know. They were in despair for a chaperon until they found me. Now, just keep on fishing and give yourself no further concern regarding my welfare. We take a moonlight sail tomorrow night, and Saturday we drive to the Summit, with dinner at the Half Way House. So be a dear, fussy old bachelor all you please." And Alice flitted from the room humming a snatch of the song to which she had beaten time so blithely.

Paul stood before the glass with his collar half fastened. There was a comical expression of consternation on the reflected face, which made him laugh, but not merrily. "A fussy old bachelor!" So such was the verdict on his endeavors as a model husband! Perhaps a man could work more steadfastly and plan more cautiously and give more generously than he! Doubtless that grinning idiot whose eyes ought to begin to water for the wringing his nose would surely get was a more fit object to be loved, honored and obeyed! Come, now, if contrariety was required, by Jove, he would furnish it!

Old and fussy, indeed! When, two years since, he had been in truth a bachelor, only his absurd ideas of devotion had kept him free from many charming allurements. And now, after the sixth collar had been appropriately sacrificed to his choler, Paul finished his labors and descended to the piazza quite satisfied with the results. Alice was nowhere to be seen. Doubtless she was rehearsing those duties which should save that right jolly party from despair, but there was one of the Mantell twins. Sophronia, the geologist, looking mighty fine, too, and smiling a timid greeting to him such as a man of his distinction merited. He drew a chair to her side and began that analysis of the weather which is the sherry and bitters to a friendly chat. After he had gulped this decoction Paul continued: "I can't remember to have ever before seen you apart from your sister. You are the inseparables, you know."

"Abigail was engaged with a tiresome seamstress," Sophronia exclaimed, "and I really felt the need of the air, and so"——

"And so my lucky star brought you hither," interrupted Paul gallantly.

"Yes," murmured the girl, "it was fate that united us once more."

Paul started and flushed with amazement. What the deuce could that mean? Was this one of those highly respectable and decorous Mantell girls whom he had often been fain to hold up as examples to Alice? Yes, he could not doubt his eyes, however much he might his ears, although she seemed changed. Her glasses were off, and there was a tender expression on her face, as if her back hair were becoming undone. She was leaning toward him, too, as if in need of that "holding up" process. Decidedly a shift of subject was necessary, so that he might gain an interval to think.

"It's about time for that dinner bell to ring," blurted the wretched man.

"Don't mention time, dearest," breathed Sophronia, "when we have an eternity of bliss before us."

Paul sprang to his feet aghast and gasping. "Really, Miss Sophronia, really Miss Mantell, this won't do at all. You must excuse me if I leave you at once. There is some dreadful misapprehension. What if any one should overhear? Think"——

"Yes," agreed Sophronia, staying his arm, "you are right. We must dissemble. But let me go, not you. Here comes Abigail. Your greeting will allay her suspicions. Farewell until a kinder hour. Be our watchword secrecy and trust." And with a smile which Juliet would have deemed unseemly she tripped away.

"Poor thing," he soliloquized, "poor child! So young, so fair! She has gone crazy, and evidently I alone am aware of it. Now, what is my duty? Hodges, the proprietor, who has the girls in special care, is away for a week. But here comes Abigail. How composed, how sensible her bearing! I must break the sad intelligence to her. Luckily her strong mind will temper grief with good judgment."

And yet, even as Paul resolved, there was a certain unwonted sprightliness becoming apparent in Miss Abigail's approach which caused vague apprehension.

"My dear young lady," e began, and his nervousness lent ardor to his words, "I am inexpressibly thankful to see you. There is a subject, delicate, closely intimate, on which I must speak."

"Yes," whispered Abigail, with downcast eyes, "I think I understand"——

"Your sister"——

"You fear she may suspect? Yes, there is danger. We must be cautious. We must dissemble. We must meet as strangers"——

"Good Lord!" groaned Paul.

"There, darling, don't be impatient. I know it's hard, but perfect trust is such courage. Remember our motto in the dear old days, 'Semper Fidelis.' See, I will set an example of prudence." And, coyly touching her forefinger to her lips, Abigail likewise tripped away.

"I see how it is," concluded Paul gloomily after a moment's pondering. "I am going daft myself—overwork and worry, I suppose. Perhaps, though, the dread malady may be checked in its inception. I will go to my room and take every sort of pellet in our medicine box. I shall surely thus get the right one." But despite this diagnosis he walked to the open window of the smoking room and looked in, in fear lest some one might have heard these conversations, if perchance they had really occurred. As he failed to look behind the door, however, he saw no one, and so went away satisfied in his most unsatisfactory secrecy. Had he looked behind the door he would have seen Mason Welles, and from the expression of his face not only have been reassured as to the genuineness of these conversations, but warned as to the use that unscrupulous young man would make of his knowledge.

Mason Welles had indeed been a witness, and an expert one, too, for he had known the Mantell girls from their childhood, and now, as he reviewed the singularity of their single conduct, he was able to trace its course. He remembered long ago hearing his father, Dr. Welles, shrewd old physician that he was, discuss the idiosyncrasy of the Mantell twins. "Those children are not simpletons," his parent had said. "Together they possess all the faculties. The trouble is that certain ones, due to the mysterious intimacy of their birth, they hold in common. Separately each one is apt to grin and caper like an idiot. I do not believe that any education, however thorough, can eradicate this silliness. But when they are kept in company, as they should be, this perversion not only disappears, but they are utterly oblivious that it ever existed. In fact, one is the complement of the other. Together they form the perfect circle of common sense. The remedy is, and I have impressed it on their parents, to make them to all intents and purposes Siamese twins."

Years had passed since childish pranks had provoked his father's speech, and since then Mason had seen the girls develop into the fullness of cultured young womanhood, and he had forgotten that there had been a time when their sanity had been a topic for sympathizing friends. Now, for a truth, he remembered it all, as he also remembered that until this hour he had not seen them apart. Now, through deduction, he comprehended that together the sisters had entertained a highly proper and respectful admiration for Paul Dupont, which had affected each of them when separated thus disastrously. "If that little witch of an Alice could witness their fond attentions," Mason commented, "perhaps she would abandon her abominable pretense of prudery." And upon this hypothesis he began to scheme a demonstration.

To Paul in his course of treatment came no such clarity of vision. But since his head remained unaffected, however much his stomach did suffer, he gained a slight approximation to the situation. Evidently what had happened had happened, incredible though it appeared. The solution rested solely with old Hodges. Until his return he was helpless. Unless—why, of course, unless he could play one sister against the other. Each had asserted the necessity of dissembling. Undoubtedly, then, if he could associate with them jointly the old formality would continue, and, better still, he would be relieved from the dreadful apprehension of a separate encounter. Perhaps, too, that object which had provoked his approach to Sophronia might also be achieved. For the next few days fishing was neglected, and Paul combined the outdoor study of botany and geology.

So marked a change in her husband's avocation did not escape Alice's sharp, bright eyes. When she commented on his "taste for curios," as she termed it, Paul's abstracted "Eh? Ah! I presume so" seemed more a disguise than a slight. In a word, she grew suspicious, jealous, unhappy, lamenting as lost what she had not cared to hold and burning to prove beyond a cavil that which she would give worlds to disbelieve. That right jolly party became a compound of inanity and Mason Welles easily its quintessence. However, when this beamful young man, in his pursuit of the vicarious mote, suggested a jaunt to the summit, artfully mentioning that the Mantell girls were going and adding, "and of course Mr. Dupont," Alice agreed with an eagerness which he misinterpreted, for her "delighted" should have been taken as "heartbroken." Nor was this the only error that Mason made. He offended the twins' sense of decorum, supersensitive in its entirety, by a jocular reference to their intimacy with Paul.

"I detest that Mr. Welles," said Sophronia frigidly.

"He is abhorrent to all ideas of decency," agreed Abigail.

Ill fated Mason, not to have applied discrimination to his own case! If such was their united judgment, what might not be their individual impulse? But no man while digging a pit ever whistled more merrily than he. "When we get there," he meditated, "I'll manage to separate the girls, and it will be hard if I can't arrange to have Dupont come across one of them while pretty Alice is looking on. And then"——

So settled was Mason in the certainty of laughing last that he regarded with composure the way in which the party took seats in the great mountain wagon, though it was hardly in accord with his desire, for Paul and Alice were side by side, like Darby and Joan, with the Mantell sisters as prim and demure neighbors. "The return will be slightly different," he mused, with a triumphant smile, "and it will be dark then too."

Compunction for two unintended wrongs had drawn Paul to Alice. Belated appreciation and poignant regret had dragged Alice close to Paul. To the infinite repugnance of the twins, this couple incontinently indulged in soft and cooing phrases, and more than once on the drive were undeniably holding hands. And, still worse, when there was a heavy jolt Paul embraced Alice with exaggerated tenderness, although she was safe and secure in an interior corner, and the unprotected maidens who should have been his care were bobbing up and down like electric balls. Ere the destination was reached that respectful admiration which the Mantell girls had shared for Paul Dupont had faded away, its place permanently retained by indifferent contempt.

"Sappy!" whispered Sophronia.

"Spoons!" concurred Abigail.

But hapless Mason Welles was unaware of these changes of sentiment; otherwise when the cloth was spread on the ground and the hampers were in process of unlading he would not have been so intent on sending Paul hither and thither and on employing the Mantell girls with disjunctive errands. His eagerness, too, prevented him from perceiving that Alice was studying his maneuvers with doubt and aversion. Everything seemed to be working just to perfection. Paul was engrossed with a kettle, some damp kindlings and a broken match down in the ravine, hid from the sight of every one excepting his wife. Sophronia had been inveigled on the heights after berries and Abigail down the road to the farmhouse for milk, each sister believing that the other was close by.

"I'll take a shy at Sophronia first," Mason resolved. "There's more of the March hare about her, I think." And he clambered up the rocks to her side.

"Look down there," he said, pointing to Paul. "There is your darling quite alone."

Sophronia glared. "What, you empty pated fop!" she screamed. "Do you think you can insult me with impunity? Take that!" and she cast the pail of berries full in his face.

Mason did not await further eccentricities. He sped like a chamois down the mountain side until he came upon Abigail.

"Your sister!" he exclaimed. "Look our for her! She's crazier than a loon!"

"Insolent puppy!" retorted Abigail, and the milk blended with the berries.

Mason turned and fled, in fear of other singularities; but, alas, where could he find shelter? Down the path was stalking the vengeful Sophronia; close behind him panted the indomitable Abigail. In a flurry of terror he bounded to Alice's side. "Save me, Alice, from these harridans!" he implored.

"Really, Mr. Welles," said Mrs. Dupont scornfully, "you are quite as ridiculous as you look. Wait a moment, and my husband will take care of you and of me too."

But Mason did not wait. Far down the roadway he saw the Mantell twins soberly plodding to the hotel, and he realized that in their union lay his strength. He followed, but at a distance, and when they had reached the destination he hurried to the railway station and took the train for a distant one. And Paul never consulted Hodges, the proprietor, about the sanity of the twins. They ignored him, pursuing their studies with a unity that no surgeon's knife could eradicate. Neither does he reply as formerly to Alice's gentle questions, for, in a proper appreciation of felicity, he has lost all presumption.—New York Times.

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MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $9.75.
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IN A KURDISH CAMP.

A NIGHT WITH THE WILD HERDSMEN ON MOUNT ARARAT.

Two American Tourists Enjoyed the Doubtful Hospitality of a Kurdish Chief and His Household—Picturesque Scenes Viewed In the Twilight.

Two young American students—Messrs. Allen and Sachtleben—made a bicycle tour around the world immediately after their graduation. During their passage through Asiatic Turkey they celebrated the Fourth of July by climbing Mount Ararat, the first Americans to accomplish the feat. Their course lay through the grazing grounds of wild Kurdish herdsmen, but they were provided with an escort of soldiers through the influence of a letter from the grand vizier. In The Century they gave the following account of a night spent among the nomads:

The disk of the sun had already touched the western horizon when we came to the black tents of the Kurdish encampment, which at this time of the day presented a rather busy scene. The women seemed to be doing all the work, while their lords sat round on their haunches. Some of the women were engaged in milking the sheep and goats in an inclosure. Others were busy making butter in a churn which was nothing more than a skin vessel 3 feet long, of the shape of a Brazil nut, suspended from a rude tripod. This they swung to and fro to the tune of a weird Kurdish song. Behind one of the tents, on a primitive weaving machine, some of them were making tent roofing and matting; others still were walking about with a ball of wool in one hand and a distaff in the other, spinning yarn. The flocks stood round about, bleating and lowing or chewing their cud in quiet contentment. All seemed very domestic and peaceful except the Kurdish dogs, which set upon us with loud, fierce growls and gnashing teeth.

Not so was it with the Kurdish chief, who by this time had finished reading the mutessarif's message, and who now advanced from his tent with salaams of welcome. As he stood before us in the glowing sunset he was a rather tall but well proportioned man, with black eyes and dark mustache, contrasting well with his brown tanned complexion. Upon his face was the stamp of a rather wild and retiring character, although treachery and deceit were by no means wanting. He wore a headgear that was something between a hat and a turban, and over his baggy Turkish trousers hung a long Persian coat of bright colored, large figured cloth, bound at the waist by a belt of cartridges. Across the shoulders was slung a breechloading Martini rifle, and from his neck dangled a heavy gold chain, which was probably the spoil of some predatory expedition. A quiet dignity sat on Ismail Deverish's stalwart form.

It was with no little pleasure that we accepted his invitation to a cup of tea. After our walk of 19 miles, in which we had ascended from 3,000 to 7,000 feet, we were in fit condition to appreciate a rest. That Kurdish tent, as far as we were concerned, was a veritable palace, although we were almost blinded by the smoke from the green pine branches on the smoldering fire. We said that the chief invited us to a cup of tea. So he did, but we provided the tea, and that, too, not only for our own party, but for half a dozen of the chief's personal friends. There being only two glasses in the camp, we of course had to wait until our Kurdish acquaintances had quenched their burning thirst. In thoughtful mood we gazed around through the evening twilight. Far away on the western slope we could see some Kurdish women plodding along under heavy burdens of pine branches like those that were now fumigating our eyes and nostrils.

Across the hills the Kurdish shepherds were driving home their herds and flocks to the tinkling of bells. All this to us was deeply impressive. Such peaceful scenes, we thought, could never be the haunt of warlike robbers. The flocks at last came home, the shouts of the shepherds ceased, darkness fell, and all was quiet.

One by one the lights in the tents broke out, like the stars above. As the darkness deepened they shone more and more brightly across the amphitheater of the encampment. The tent in which we were now sitting was oblong in shape, covered with a mixture of goats' and sheeps' wool, carded, spun and woven by the Kurdish women.

There were no signs of an approaching evening meal until we opened our provision bag and handed over certain articles of raw food to be cooked for us. No sooner were the viands intrusted to the care of our hosts than two sets of pots and kettles made their appearance in the other compartments. In half an hour our host and friends proceeded to indulge their voracious appetites. When our own meal was brought to us some time after, we noticed that the 14 eggs we had doled out had been reduced to six, and the other materials suffered a similar reduction, the whole thing being so patent as to make their attempt at innocence absurdly ludicrous.

Before turning in for the night we reconnoitered our situation. The lights in all the tents save our own were now extinguished. Not a sound was heard except the heavy breathing of some of the slumbering animals about us or the bark of a dog at some distant encampment. The huge dome of Ararat, though six to eight miles farther up the slope, seemed to be towering over us, like some giant monster of another world. We could not see the summit, so far was it above the enveloping clouds. We returned to the tent to find that the sapticks had been given the best places and best covers to sleep in, and that we were expected to accommodate ourselves near the door, wrapped up in an old Kurdish carpet. Policy was evidently a better developed trait of Kurdish character than hospitality.

A TREE WITH A TEMPER.

It Grows In Arizona With Another That Gives Light Like an Electric Lamp.

"There are more queer things to the acre in Arizona than in any other part of this wide land," said Colonel Brace Dion of Houck's Tank, Apache county, "and, according to my idea, and I know pretty near what queer things are, the queerest thing in all Arizona is the tree that has a temper worse than a blond comic opera prima donna's and gets its dander up with just as small provocation. They tell me out there that this tree belongs to the coniferous species. It grows to be something like 25 feet high and then stops. Its leaves are long, slender and pointed, like porcupine quills. When this tree is in a good humor, these leaves lie close to the branches, and it spreads a pleasant aromatic odor all around. But when it is angry every leaf on the tree rises up on end, and the aspect of that particular piece of timber is about as fierce and threatening as anything you would care to look at. The pleasant resinous odor the tree sent forth in its peaceful mood gives way to an odor that will put wings on your feet to place as much distance as you can between the offensive tree and yourself.

"This tree is very touchy on the subject of dogs, and the coming of a canine anywhere near it will instantly make it furious. Yet a wolf, a grizzly bear or a mountain lion never ruffles the temper of this tree if those animals do not presume on too great familiarity with it. They may lie around it as long as they care to, but if one of them so far forgets itself as to rub or scratch the trunk of the tree the hot tempered thing will fly into one of its tantrums instantly, and the way Mr. Bear, Wolf or Lion will make himself scarce in those parts is a whole circus to see. Nothing will work this tree up to concert pitch, though, so quick and effectually as throwing stones at it. Then it will actually rip and tear, and no living thing would think of going within gunshot of it. Some folks out at Houck's Tank call this tree the porcupine tree, and some say its right name is skunk tree. I call it the holy terror tree. But, no matter what you call it, it is a queer job of nature, and Arizona claims it as her own.

"While this tree is the only real, genuine vegetable kingdom crank we've got in Arizona, we point with some more pride to another tree that only Arizona soil has the talent to produce. This one is the electric light tree. This tree is not as abundant as the holy terror tree and is a dwarf, seldom having the courage to get more than 12 feet high. Its foliage is very dense, and at night it gleams like an arc light. The light that shines from this tree is so strong that one may sit 25 feet away and read fine print. The queerest point of this tree is that its light begins to grow dim with the coming of the new moon and steadily loses brilliancy until the moon is full. Then the tree is as dark as a mine. When the moon begins to wane, the tree's luminosity is gradually renewed, and by the time the moon has disappeared the tree is shining again as brightly as ever. Sometimes the light on this queer tree becomes faint even in the dark of the moon. Then we have to do a queer thing to restore it. We drench it with a bucketful or two of water, and instantly the effulgent glow will return in all its brilliancy."—New York Sun.

Where the Money Is Found.

Englishmen are the milk cows of the world. They are the great lenders from whom all other nations borrow. For generations they have been rich and saving until at last their annual accumulations have become greater than the annual openings for legitimate investment. So severe has the pressure become that latterly the money lender has been forcing his money into every kind of undertaking, in all parts of the world, creating, by his own eagerness to lend, the corresponding desire to borrow.

It is the weight of uninvested money which stimulates borrowing, not the cupidity of the impecunious. Borrowing has not produced lending, but lending borrowing. Interest has continued to fall because there are more lenders than borrowers. If Englishmen think, then, that any communities have dipped too deep into the English purse, they can easily apply the corrective by a little self control. They should abstain from further lending. This may seem a heroic remedy, but it is the only remedy. —Contemporary Review.

She Put Him to the Test.

"Yes, darling," he said in tones of deep tenderness, "I would do anything to show my love for you."

"Ah," sighed the gentle maiden, "that's what all men say when they are striving to win a woman's heart."

"Put me to the proof," he said in wild, passionate tones, "put me to the proof. Test me and see if I fail. Set me any test within the bounds of possibility, and it shall be performed."

"Ah," she murmured, "if I could only believe you!"

"Put me to the test. Say to me, 'Do this or that,' and it shall be done."

"Yes," she murmured slowly, "there is one thing I should like you to do, if"——

"Oh, tell me, and let me do it! Now you shall behold the height, the depth, the length, the breadth, the circumference of my love for you," he cried exultantly. The maiden dropped her lashes, a smile dimpled the corners of her mouth as she gently murmured, "Marry some other girl."—London Tit-Bits.

He Might.

There is a man in Chicago who has lived there for 40 years and has visited New York 50 times or more in that period. He has never uttered a single word in praise of Chicago or in disparagement of New York. It is thought that if he were not deaf and dumb he might make a few remarks.—New York Mail and Express.

IT WAS VERY SUDDEN.

But the Man at the Telephone Got the Answer He Wanted.

An event has occurred in Michigan, near Detroit, which appears to confirm the idea that courtship as well as most other things will hereafter be greatly facilitated by recent inventions. It seems that there is a young lady residing in Detroit who for some time has been the recipient of the attentions of two young men—one a young professor at the Michigan state university at Ann Arbor and the other a traveling salesman for a New York wholesale hardware house, whose route extends through Michigan and parts of Canada.

One day recently the New Yorker arrived in Detroit late in the afternoon, and of course immediately started to make the rounds of the retail hardware dealers, with the laudable purpose of selling each a good stock for the winter before the representative of any rival concern should put in an appearance. He had hoped to visit the object of his affections in the evenings but business was brisk, and at 8 o'clock found him very busy trying to induce a prominent dealer to take six dozen axes, four dozen grindstones and a half carload of wooden pails. At this stage of the proceedings a younger brother of the young lady dropped in to get a new jackknife and accidentally mentioned that the Ann Arbor professor was up at the house.

It instantly occurred to the progressive hardware and cutlery drummer that the college man came for no other purpose than to lay his heart at the feet of the young lady he himself adored. For a moment there was a struggle in his heart, but he speedily got control of himself and decided that he could not possibly leave the store, as the dealer was just on the point of deciding to take the pails.

But the thought of giving up the lady, who had been for months constantly in his mind, waking and sleeping, was unbearable. Light suddenly dawned on him. Handing the merchant a circular explaining the merits of his new double bladed chopping knives, he requested the use of the dealer's telephone for five minutes, stepped to it and rang up the central office.

A moment later the telephone bell at the residence of the young lady rang, sharp and decisive. The professor had been there for an hour talking pleasantly of the grand educational work they were doing in the department of fossilogy at Ann Arbor. When the bell rang, the lady's father being absent—he is a physician—she excused herself and proceeded to the adjoining room to answer it. The professor heard her step to the telephone and say "Yes," make a short pause and say "Yes" again. Then there was a longer pause, and he heard her reply, "Why—why—really, this is very sudden." Then there was a still longer pause, and he heard her say "Yes," very softly, and then "Goodby," and then she hung up the receiver and came into the back room. The college man moved closer to the lady and remarked that it was a warm evening, and he thought it was going to rain and then resumed his talk about the great work at the university. Fifteen minutes later there was a ring at the front door bell. The lady responded to it, and a district messenger boy handed her a plain gold ring, which she slipped on her finger and returned to the parlor.

"Miss ——," said the professor five minutes later, "I want to ask you a very important question this evening. Excuse me for putting it bluntly, but will you be my wife?" But we need go no further with this. Two minutes later the professor went down the front steps and shook his fist at the telephone wire and took the first train for Ann Arbor.—Hardware.

A Case of Had To.

"I had a funny experience in a little town on the lower Mississippi," said R. C. Blackley, a traveling man. "The place had but one hotel, the landlord of which conducted everything except the cooking and housecleaning, which his wife attended to. I was the only guest, and when I told him that I wanted to go up the river on a packet due anywhere between midnight and 8 o'clock in the morning I was shown to a room immediately over the office and was going to sleep when I heard a shrill feminine voice call, 'John, you come to bed.' 'Sallie, you know I kain't go to bed. Got to wake that blamed drummer.' I enjoyed the situation and laughed my self wide awake, not getting sleepy again for two hours.

Then the feminine voice called again, 'John, I say, come to bed.' 'I kain't go to bed.' 'Let that pesky drummer wake himself. 'Tain't no way to run a hotel,' and there was silence again. Finally I went to sleep again and was soon awakened by a most unearthly racket. The old man was pounding on the office ceiling with a broom handle. 'I'm awake,' I answered. 'I don't believe I'll go on that boat. I'm too tired. I'll wait until tomorrow.' 'I reckon you won't. You be down hyar in two minutes, or I'll be arter you. I ain't goin to set up fer nuthin.' I caught the boat."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Booth and Girls' Letters.

Even Edwin Booth, most matter of fact, respectable and unapproachable of men, got any quantity of this sort of letters. Strangely enough, too, it is of record that, contrary to the usual custom of popular actors, he answered, indirectly, several of his undesired love letters, for some of those received by him during his career were written by silly girls, daughters of men known and respected by Mr. Booth, who appended their true names to their effusions. Two or three of these were of such a nature that Mr. Booth felt it his duty, as a parent, to inclose them to the fathers of the writers, with a statement as to how they came into his possession. The result, it may be imagined, was hardly of a nature to encourage the stricken damsels in their devotion.—Rochester Democrat and Chronicle.

FIFTY YEARS BEHIND.

Such Is the Condition of Labor In America Compared With England.

Mr. Stead contrasts the labor movement in England and America vastly to the advantage of the former country:

"In industrial matters our American kinsfolk are where we were 40 or 50 years ago, when rattening was the first word of an outlawed unionism and murder the ultimate argument against the blackleg. What Sheffield was in the palmy days of Broadhead and Crookes, before the royal commission was appointed which revealed the secrets of a unionism resting upon the foundation of assassination—preached as a virtue and practiced as a necessity—so Pittsburg is today, and when we say Pittsburg we say Chicago, Denver or any other great industrial center; hence when an Englishman returns from the United States to the worst strike region in the United Kingdom he is conscious of an immediate and unmistakable change for the better. Our difficulties are bad enough, but they are as moonlight is to sunlight, as water is to wine, compared with the industrial feuds which rage on the other side of the Atlantic."

This statement, which accords with the reports of many recent observers in America, is borne out by a dismal catalogue of violence on both sides, neither "hesitating to shoot," and the public doing nothing but keeping the ring. The church is powerless and arbitration voted useless. "The great mischief in America is the absence of trust, the rooted disbelief in the honesty and good faith of anybody. Rightly or wrongly, American workmen seem to be convinced—I have heard picked leaders of American labor assert it again and again—that no award, no agreement, is ever respected by their employers a day longer than it suits their interests to keep it. Bad faith on the part of the employers is balanced by murder and outrage on the part of the employed, while the church, which should be the conscience of the community, is seared as with a hot iron by a conventional indifferentism to the affairs of this world." Canon Barnett, about two years ago, told a representative of this journal that America was 50 years behind the times in its attitude toward labor, and Mr. Stead exactly bears him out.—Contemporary Review.

"Average Workingmen," Take Notice!

The Providence Journal, the most widely read Rhode Island newspaper, refers to a scheme about to be tried in Haverhill, in the state of Massachusetts, where a manufacturing firm whose employees struck three months ago is now requiring applicants for work to sign an agreement not to quit work without two weeks' notice on penalty of $50, accumulated to their credit by the compulsory deposit of $2 weekly.

The Journal comments on this as follows:

"Such devices for the protection of employers are the natural result of experience with striking workmen, and if the latter persist in their peculiar methods of warfare they are likely to be subjected to still harsher conditions before being able to secure employment. As the average workingman hardly has sufficient conscience or sense of responsibility to refrain from breaking a contract if the trades union authorities order him out, and as suing an ex-employee for damages for breach of contract would be in most cases a bootless effort, it may become necessary to make abandonment, without notice, of certain kinds of work, at least an offense punishable under criminal rather than civil law, like mutiny."

Driven Toward Socialism.

If the intensely practical, sensible American people are moving toward state socialism, they are being goaded thereto by the scandalous influence of trusts at the national capitol and the moral and mental incapacity of men administering great railway systems.—New York Bulletin.

The Stars and Stripes.

The United States flag was first saluted by a foreign power when the ship Ranger, in command of Captain Paul Jones, entered Quiberon bay, France, Feb. 14, 1778, the salute being given by Admiral la Motte, representing the French government. The first American flag flown in a foreign port was from the truck of the brig Nancy, in command of Captain Hugh Montgomery, at St. Thomas in 1776. The first time it was displayed on a fortress of the old world was on April 27, 1805, at Tripoli, when the 15 starred and striped flag was raised in victory.

It was said to have been raised over Fort Nassau, New Providence, on the 28th of January, 1778, when Captain John Rathburne took possession of the fort and captured several prizes in the harbor. This also is supposed to be one of the first occasions on which the American flag was nailed to its staff in token of absolute defiance, as the people of the city had gathered 500 strong to demand the surrender of the fort.

The honor of having first hoisted the flag in an English port after the treaty of 1783 belongs to the Bedford of Nantucket, commanded by Captain William Moores and owned by William Rotch of New Bedford. The Bedford arrived in The Downs Feb. 3, 1783, with 487 butts of whale oil. The Political Magazine of that date says, "This is the first vessel which has displayed the 13 rebellious stripes of America in any British port."—New York Sun.

Frank Palmer, a saddlemaker from Boston, told the Toledo, O., police he was beaten by tramps and relieved of a gold watch and $170. Palmer was going west in search of work.

A bold thief stole $200 in gold watches from Scheiber's store at Huntington, Ind.

Depositors in the Citizens' bank of Converse, Ind., closed June, 1893, will be paid in full.

Some labor organizations are urging upon congress a head tax upon immigrants of from $20 to $50. They say it would restrict immigration and be a tax paid by the foreigner.

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The County Board meets the second Sunday of each month at 3 p m, at 83 E. Madison-st.

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Div. No. 1—John J. Conroy, Pres, 116 Sherman street; T E Beckett, V-P; Frank Cullen, Rec Sec, 172 Osgood st; William Feritti, Fin Sec; J. O'Brien, Treas. Meet in Father Mathew hall, corner Taylor and Miller sts, the 1st Wednesday of each month at 8 p m.

Div 2—D T Murphy, Pres, Grand Crossing; Michael Harmon, V P; E F Brennan, Rec Sec, Grand Crossing; A Harmon, Fin Sec; Patrick J O'Sullivan, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of each month at 3 p m, in Arcade hall, Hegewisch, Ill.

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Div 5—Patrick Coghlan, Pres, 169 Forquer st; Michael Punch, V-P; E M O'Reilly, R S, 636 Baker av; T Cullinane, F S; John Beegan, Treas. Meet in Horan's hall, cor Harrison and Halsted sts, 1st Monday of each month at 8 p m.

Div 6—P G Magulie, Pres, 4205 Wentworth av; Michael Reilly, V-P; M D O'Brien, Rec Sec, 1429 33d st; James Ryan, Fin Sec; Martin Fanning, Treas. Meet in Vernia hall, 47th st near Halsted, 1st Saturday of each month at 7:30 p m.

Div No 7—William Sullivan, Pres, 335 W Van Buren st; John Byrne, V-P; Thomas Foley, Rec Sec, 2716 Bonfield st; James E O'Brien, Fin Sec; Mark Hardin, Treas. Meet at 446 W Twelfth st, 2nd Sunday of month at 8 p m.

Div 8—P J O'Sullivan, Pres, 117 E Erie st; Thomas Donohoe, V P; J Mahony, R S, 117 E Erie st; John P Cunningham, F S; R G McHugh, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Saturdays of each month at 82 N. Clark st, at 8 p m.

Div 9—P O'Sullivan, Pres, South Chicago; P Murphy, V-P; Thomas White, R S, South Chicago; Mich'l Clarke, F S; T Abern, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of each month at 2:30 p m, in Elgeman's hall, South Chicago.

Div 10—Timothy Bourke, Pres, 4750 S Ashland av; James Small, V P; James Brannegan, R S, 5020 Dreyer st; Thos Gallagan, F S; Thos Ryan, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday each month in Webb's hall, 4430 Wentworth av, at 3 p m.

Div 11—M E Lynch, Pres, 520 W Erie-st; J F Walsh, V P; Jos Lamb, Rec Sec, 520 W Erie-st; H J Bradshaw, Fin Sec; M J Corcoran, Treas. Meet 1st Monday each month in Archer hall, Paulina and Indiana sts at 8 p m.

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Div 23—W J Doherty, Pres, 1253 Forty-seventh st; J McGeohegan, VP; Jno Toner, Rec Sec, 4604 Ashland-av; Jno Waters, FS; Patrick Grace, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of each month in Bishop's hall, corner Forty-seventh st and Ashland-av at 3:30 p m.

Div 26—Jas Kerwin, Pres, 5314 Atlantic-st; P Molloy, VP; Hugh McNally, Rec Sec, 345 Bristol-st; James E Walsh, Fin Sec; Lawrence Reynolds, Treas. Meet 2nd Saturday of each month at 7:30 p m in Shields' hall, Fifty-first-st and Wentworth-av.

Div 29—Thomas P O'Donovan, Pres, 115th st, Kensington; Philip J O'Reilly, V P; William Byrne, Rec Sec, Box 854, Pullman; Patrick Keyes, Fin Sec; William Carroll, Treas. Meet 1st and 3d Thursdays each month in Pullman.

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Div 35—Patrick F Holden, Pres, 829 Thirty-seventh st; Thos Kelley, V P; Jas Gannon, R S, 3736 Union av; Michael Hughes, F S; Michael Kavanaugh, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of each month at p m in Burk's hall, Thirty-fifth st and Emerald av.

Div 36—John T Keating, Pres, 5627 Jackson-av; W A Cunnea, V P; W M McMahon, Rec Sec, 6935 Stoney Island av; J J Healy, Fin Sec; J J Egan, Treas. Meet 2d and 4th Fridays at 8 p m, at 5447 Woodlawn-av.

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St. Nicholas No 20—C R, John Schaeter, 2561 S Canal st; R S, Joseph Umhofer, 569 27th st; F S, H J Jansen; Treas, Math W Folz. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesday in basement of St Antonios church, Canal st and 24th place.

St Patrick's No 21—C R, Andrew McCarthy, Escanaba av and 90th st; R S, Wm P Doran, 9223 Superior av; F S, James Lynch; Treas, James W Riley. Meet 1st Saturday and 3rd Tuesday in Centennial hall, South Chicago.

St Elizabeth's No. 22—C R, Bernard Burns, 4739 Wentworth av; R S, C A Riedy, 4659 Dearborn st; F S, Hugh O'Hare; Treas, Thos M Curtin. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in Draper's hall, 40th and State sts.

St Sylvester's No 23—C R, Ed N Ashenden, 91 S Water st; R S, Edw W Nye, 27 Mozart st; F S, Wm E Flynn; Treas, Jos E Walsh. Meet 2d and 4th Sunday, at North and Western avs.

St Benedict No 24—C R, Anton Graf, 400 Division st; R S, Wm Klein, 82 Mohawk st; F S, Jos H Hahn; Treas, Andrew L Williams. Meet 2nd and 4th Wednesday in St Joseph's hall, corner Hill and Franklin sts.

Notre Dame No 25—C R, Pierre Plante, 247 Laflin st; R S, W C Dore, 46 Hastings st; F S, Honore Lacasse; Treas, E E Foisy. Meet 1st and 3d Sunday at 188 Blue Island av.

St Aloysius No 26—C R, John Keelser, 103 23rd place; R S, Joseph Seitz, 164 E 18th st; F S, John W Metz; Treas, Val Schmittschmitt. Meet in chapel of St Peter's church, Clark and Polk sts.

St Aloysius No 27—C R, James Murphy, 38 W 13th st; R S Julius Esler, 634 W 15th st; F S, J J Smith; Treas, Wm Turner. Meet 2nd and 4th Sundays at 2:30 p m, in Father Matthew's Temperance hall, corner Taylor and Miller sts.

Annunciation No 28—C R, John C Cremin, 772 N Lincoln st; R S, John J Deneen, 411 Glenwood av; F S, Henry H Gabevin; Treas, James Burke. Meet 1st and 3d Fridays in Flynn's hall, corner North av and Robey st.

St Ambrose No 29—C R, Nicolaus Hippchen, 132 Ambrose st; R S, Aug Ehlebracht, 1037 S Leavitt st; F S, J F Maibach; Treas, M Lillig. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays at 165 Ambrose st.

Immaculate Conception No 30—C R, Jas McCarthy, 336 Cleveland av; R S, P J McDonnell, 21 Goethe st; F S, Jos Holden; Treas, Michael Reed. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays at 8 p m, in Phoenix hall.

St Vincent De Paul No 31—C R, J F Lusk, 1127 Noble av; R S, C W Dorband, 978 Seminary av; F S, James Conway; Treas, P McGuire. Meet 1st Sunday, school hall, Webster av and Osgood.

St Stephen's No 32—C R, T J McDonough, 78 Austin av; R S, J E Stephan, 219 Cleveland av; F S, P J Schwab; Treas, Dennis Mitchell. Meet 2d and 4th Mondays at 192 W Chicago av.

St Michael's No 33—C R, John J Blindauler, 485 Larrabee st; R S, Peter E Neuses, 76 Hudson av; F S, John Adler; Treas, Henry Schomer. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in St Michael's hall, North and Hudson avs.

St Martin's No 34—C R, Nick Diener, 573 Wells st; R S, A C Lipke, 128 Hudson av; F S, Fred Krings; Treas, J C Cremer. Meet 2nd and 4th Saturday in Brand's hall, Clybourne av and Halsted st.

Cathedral No 36—C R, F T Scanlan, 229 LaSalle av; R S, P J Flannery, 225 N Market st; F S, M Conroy; T, J M Klenke. Meet 2d and 4th Monday, corner Chicago av and Cass st, at 8 p m

St Agnes No 37—C R, Michael E Dalton, 2806 Keddie av; R S, Daniel Kane, 3728 Blanchard av; F S, John Flynn; T, Thomas Clarisey. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays in Larney's hall, Archer and Western avs.

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